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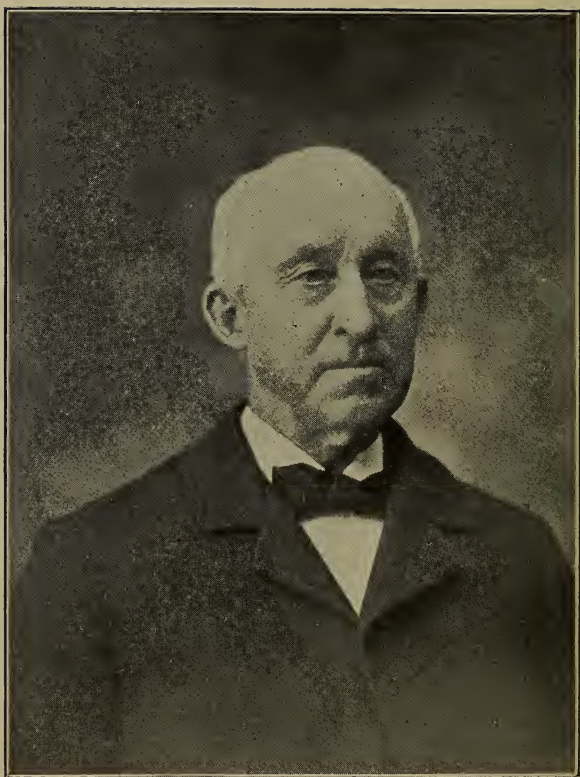


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Yours Truly
A. J. Dana

STRAY POEMS

AND

EARLY HISTORY

OF THE

ALBANY AND SUSQUEHANNA

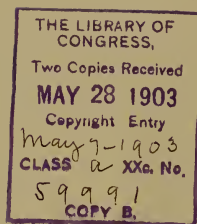
RAILROAD

BY

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H. T. DANA

YORK, PA.
F. ANSTADT & SONS
1903

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Dedication

To my wife, without whose patient care in the preservation of these poems, I would have been unable to compile the work, this book is affectionately

DEDICATED.

That it may confer some pleasure upon those who purchase it, is the wish of

THE AUTHOR.

COBLESKILL, N. Y., January 4th, 1903.

Preface

TO MY READERS:

In presenting this book to you I desire to say that I am conscious of its defects, yet I trust it is not devoid of merit.

Whilst not a work of superior excellence, I believe the poems are not inferior to the average of such productions, and to express only elevating sentiments.

The appendix contains a brief history of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, and its early trials and struggles, which has been carefully compiled by the author. To the local reader, this alone will be found to be worth the cost of this book.

To my friends who by their subscriptions greatly encouraged me in getting out the work, I return my sincere thanks, and with heartfelt good wishes remain

Their Friend,

H. T. DANA.

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The Present Age

'Tis very seldom that I raise
My voice to gain or lose the praise
Of those whose life has led them o'er
The path which leads to solid lore;
And now perchance I'm out of place,
And take a stand I poorly grace,
When I would gain the reader's ear,
And write what wiser men will hear:
More fitting far for me to wield
The scythe and spade in some rough field,
Or guide the plough with steady hand,
In furrows deep across the land;
For at such work I've spent my time,
Not writing books or making rhyme;
Yet still I feel a little power
Come forth to help me in this hour,
And like a bird which cannot fly,
I'm not resigned but still must try.

The theme I bring upon the stage
Is this important, present age—
This present age—a noble theme,
Fit for the poet's pen, I ween;
Behold how science soars on high
To yonder blue expansive sky,
And by its penetrating light
Brings forth new orbs to mortal sight;
See, now the comets as they roll
Throughout the sky, from pole to pole,
And tread with lightning speed their round
Where other worlds may yet be found,
Are understood—their movements timed,
And every part is well defined;
The sun and moon, each twinkling star
That glimmers in those realms afar,
Yield up their secrets to the power
Which science sways this present hour;
The glorious truths the ancients sought
For ages, and were yet untaught,
Are now to men of lore revealed,

And to the masses are unsealed,
'Till now on wings which learning lends,
Man soars away where space extends,
And with a keen researching eye,
Reads out the mysteries of the sky;
Sees how the planets in their spheres
Roll on and on through countless years—
Notes every change which they display,
And treads along the milky way.
And as we leave the azure skies,
And turn to earth our eager eyes,
What wondrous scenes this age displays
To please our minds, and charm our gaze;
Now, far beneath the ocean's waves,
Where thousands find their lonely graves,
The sky-born lightning threads its way
To carry news from day to day;
Though Franklin caught it from the cloud,
Where thunder tones were pealing loud,
'Twas left for Morse himself to teach,
And make it write each part of speech;

And now, although with flashes bright,
It stamps the clouds with lurid light,
When storm capped clouds in wrath appear
And heaven's artillery strikes the ear,
Yet men its powers with safety use,
And send it wheresoe'er they choose;
'Till now on land and neath the seas,
It goes the will of man to please,
And on its blazing wings conveys
The tidings of these mighty days;
Now with its thin and fleeting breath
It breathes the word of sudden death—
Now o'er the telegraphic wires
It bears some soul's heartfelt desires—
Now, in its tones we hear the voice
Of him who is the nation's choice,
And word of armies, thrones and kings
Along its lines it quickly brings,
While answering thoughts along its track
With lightning speed are hurried back,
'Till all the lands at last are one,

And time and space are both outdone.
And yet more wonders meet the eye,
Which with the telegraph will vie:
The diving bell, these latter days
Bring forth to claim our earnest praise;
And now beneath the foaming waves
Mid ocean sands, and ocean caves,
Man walks in safety on the deck
Of some ill fated, sunken wreck,
Sees what the work of death has done,
Where rich and poor alike are one,
And then secures some golden prize
With which he can in safety rise.
Of all machines, the present day
Brings forth a useful, grand array.
The speedy reaper, with a power
That cuts an acre in an hour,
Has now usurped the place of scythes,
Which we have handled half our lives;
And threshers now with power sublime,
Shell out our grain in little time,

Whilst on some old and rusty nail,
Has long been hung the well worn flail;
Instead of weaving now by hand,
We have an agent strong and grand,
By which the loom we can propel,
And make it weave both fast and well;
And spinning, too, is done by steam;
This is the agent which I mean;
Why, now where'er a river lies,
A steamboat sweeps before our eyes;
High roll the waves upon its sides,
As swiftly on its course it glides,
And bears unto some distant mart
The earth's produce and works of art;
Throughout the world their use is known,
And men their power confess and own;
Behold they tread where balmy skies
And placid lakes attract our eyes,
Or brave the storms that yearly sweep
With fury o'er the rolling deep—
Ply round and round the British Isle,

And wake the echoes long the Nile;
Seek every port in every zone,
Where men are wise and art is known.
And yet the works of man display
Still greater things in this, our day.
The locomotive next we'll view,
And see what praise to it is due;
See, where rolls Atlantic's tide,
It curls its steam and puffs with pride,
And leaving thence our eastern strand,
Comes thundering westward o'er our land;
Climbs up the bold Sieria's steep,
Where wintry winds with fury sweep,
Then strides away in regal state,
To reach Francisco's golden gate,
And bears the tide of progress on,
Far westward toward the setting sun;
'Till now, where late the beasts of prey
Were rulers of both night and day,
Some thriving village meets our eyes,
Which to a city soon will rise,

Our prairies once so lone and wild,
Where lately roamed the indian child,
Are now made vocal with the sound
Of men who till the fertile ground,
And by the engine's aid today,
Send forth their produce far away,
Where commerce rears its busy mart,
To be exchanged for works of art;
Ah yes ! the engine truly sways
A country's fate these active days;
And now the tracks o'er which they fly,
On every side salute the eye.
Behold where France in beauty smiles,
Or Britain rules her busy isles,
Or where the Czar his power maintains,
Or where the Pope in splendor reigns,
Are railroads laid, and o'er each course
Comes thundering on the iron horse;
Whilst here in our progressive land
They reach out now from strand to strand;
Their lines are drawn throughout the west,

Across the prairie's fertile breast,
And o'er New England's hills they go,
And traverse lands both high and low;
They span our rivers—cross our plains,
Where frost and snow or summer reigns,
'Till by their vast extending round,
States unto states are firmly bound;
And O, to see an engine fly,
With powers which with the earthquake vie,
And see it sweep along the track
As though its speed would never slack;
And hear the wild, resounding scream
It echoes forth by aid of steam,
Is startling, grand, in truth sublime,
A marvel of this wondrous time.
So, too, the printing press I claim,
Belongs upon the scroll of fame;
Now sheet on sheet, and ream on ream
Are printed by the power of steam;
The thoughts which spring from out the brain
Are stamped in letters bright and plain,

And when the press once gives them birth
They soon are known through all the earth.
And thus the printing press and pen
Reign o'er the hearts and minds of men,
And form the lever which can shake
The citadels, which errors make.
The futile doctrines of the past
Are brought to yield to truth at last,
And learning now moves on apace,
Like some swift courser on a race.
The news of far off, foreign lands
Is now presented to our hands,
And all who have the will to read,
Can their own minds with knowledge feed.
The Bible—precious word of truth!
Sweet counsellor of age or youth,
Is now in many tongues portrayed,
And to the heathen is displayed;
And thus we see the press proclaim
Salvation in a Savior's name.
But there are other things to view,

Which claim a passing tribute too:
Behold where wild Niagara roars,
And down the rocks its water pours,
Are bridges built, and crossing o'er
Its foaming surf from shore to shore,
Nature's realm has been outdone,
And art a lasting victory won.
And Suez now no more divides
The Red Sea and European tides;
Its sands are moved, and in their stead
The oceans now their waters spread,
And on their bosom is unfurled
The commerce of this busy world:
Arabia, Persia, Hindoostan,
Borneo, China, and Siam;
Now in the lap of nations pour
The products of their sunny shore.
No longer now need English sails
Be rent in twain by torrid gales
When rounding Africa's stormy coast,
Or dashed upon its cape and lost;

For with the power this era wields
We drive our ships across the fields—
Map out new tracks around the earth,
And give gigantic projects birth.
And ere ten years their race have run,
And sets their last departing sun,
The neck of land which lies between
The two Americas, I ween,
Will be removed, and through the gate
The oceans rush at rapid rate;
Atlantic claim, with manly pride,
The mild Pacific for a bride;
And thus united, onward flow,
Whilst countless seasons come and go;
A watery highway thus we'll boast,
Between our east and western coast.
Hail, happy marriage of East and West,
And be thy union doubly blest.
But let us leave this busy theme
For one where peace and love are seen:
Behold religion—priceless gem,

Exerts its power o'er many men,
And with a strength born from above
It surely on its course must move.
The gospel now is sent abroad
To teach men of their sovereign God;
Till now where Africa's deserts lie
Or India glows 'neath summer sky,
Or North where ice and snow abound,
The messengers of Christ are found;
And thus they labor, trust and pray,
And hasten on Millenium's day.
Of all the ills with which we're cursed
Intemperance is by far the worst;
Ah, yes, my friends, how many minds,
Within whose power true genius shines,
Upon rum's waves are tempest tossed
Till wrecked—and then forever lost!
How many men have lived and died,
And done but little else beside,
Who might have filled with fitting grace
The hero's or the statesman's place,

Had rum not lured them far away
Where deep disgrace and dangers lay.
As clouds o'er cast the jeweled sky,
And hide its beauties from our eye,
Till all its gems, so pure and bright,
Are veiled and hidden from our sight;
So rum, with all its powers combined
Draws forth its curtain o'er the mind,
Till soon we see its lustrous ray
Grow less and less, then fade away,
And darkness gather round the throne,
Where love of fame and learning shone.
With its sharp fangs and serpent tooth
It stings and bites the blooming youth,
And 'neath its crushing, iron wheel
The greatest men and minds must kneel.
So, too, with nations, o'er their fame
This curse erects its cloud of shame;
Till now, through all the world around
Are drunken men and youths, too, found.
We see them reeling from the doors,

Where rum its tempting current pours,
And hear their curses, loud and long,
Commingled with some ribald song,
Break on the air almost each day,
That rolls life's fleeting hours away;
Till parents now must daily see,
Their fondest hopes forever flee;
And feel the woes, that rum imparts
Bind fast their shadows on their hearts.
Sisters o'er brothers lost must mourn,
With grief that scarcely can be borne;
And every social tie which binds
In blissful union human minds,
Must fall asunder 'neath the power
That liquor sways this present hour.
O what an untold flood of tears—
Of soul-felt sighs, and aching fears,
This fiend of death and deep dismay
Wrings out from those who feel its sway.
Could all their groans in concert rise
The wail would echo 'long the skies!

Could all the stricken forms appear,
That rum has laid upon the bier,
How vast an army we would see
Clothed in the garb of misery!
O what a frightful, horrid close
To earthly cares and earthly woes!
O what a death, Great God, I crave
A better life—a brighter grave.
Of "strikes" alas, what shall I say?
They come quite oft in this our day;
Labor and cash with hand in hand
No longer walk in this fair land.
Are either right, or both in wrong?
Shall be the burden of my song;
I think the gulf which now divides
These forces, truly has two sides;
Mercy and justice—honest pay
For work well done from day to day—
Are workmen's due—a rightful claim,
And none should e'er withhold the same:
But lo, behold in various ways

The working men in these late days,
Assume to order who shall be
Employed—are we then free,
Or slaves unto some tyrant band,
Whose cabal fain would rule our land?
Out with such claims—let it be said,
That every man who'll work for bread,
Is free to do so—and no clan
Shall intercept, or harm the man.
But from all fear and menace freed,
Go to his work, a king indeed!
Some men say the right to "shirk,"
Is equal with the right to work.
Not so—to labor is God's plan—
His edict given to every man;
Here duty points and leads the way,
Here all is clear and light as day;
We owe it to our homes and state
That we should work and make them great.
No duty waits on idle hours,
Man's duty is to use his powers —

Build up his home—protect his brood—
Relieve their wants—provide their food;
And thus with loyal hand and heart,
In life's great play act well his part.
Of war we have enough at least,
And may it never be increased;
Behold the turf on sacred tombs,
Where still the fair magnolia blooms:
At Gettysburg our thousands sleep,
And loving spirits vigil keep
Around the graves of martyrs slain.
Throughout the South on every plain
They died, that we might live to see
Our union saved—our nation free.
Hail! Men of noble thought and mien,
No nobler band the world has seen.
But let us turn with anxious gaze
Where Cuba basks, 'neath Summer rays,
Our hearts fill up with hopes and fears—
Our eyes grow dull and dim with tears:
Hopes that since the fearful fray
With all its clouds has passed away,

Beneath her blue and balmy skies
A nation, freed, will always rise;
Fears, that again some despot hand
May gain control and curse her land.
Hail! Cuba free, in verdure dressed,
Thrice welcome to thy mother's breast;
We'll take thy hand, and bless our child,
And strive to keep thee undefiled:
This the tocsin—this the word
We gave the world when first the sword
We drew with all our might and main,
To free thee from the rule of Spain.
O Age, which seems to me the best—
Outstripping far all of the rest,
We style thee great—of fair renown,
And crown thee with a laurel crown,
'Though there are ills which slowly steal,
And trespass on our country's weal;
Great God! 'tis thus I feebly pray,
Drive all our nation's clouds away:
Let wisdom, truth, and honor be
The watchwords of the bold and free;
Let temperance o'er the world preside,
And virtue be the people's guide.

A Christmas Poem

[Written for and read before the M. E. Church Sabbath School
in Cobleskill, Dec. 25th, 1884, by MRS. CLIFFORD FRANCE.]

Let us stop for a moment, shut the present from gaze,
And turn with our vision to the wonderful days,
When angels all fresh from the portals of glory,
Were sent from the skies to tell the sweet story,
That a child should be born, and a Savior be given,
To bridge over the chasm 'twixt this world and heaven.
Behold on the plains are the shepherds and sheep,
And the stars in the sky their bright vigils keep,
While the Jordan rolls on in that valley of old,
Like the drift of a romance, which has often been told;
When an angel from Heaven sweeps down on the scene,
And the shepherds are frightened by the glory and
gleam.

Let us list to the song of that heavenly host
Whose echo has swept on from coast unto coast,
With a cadence of love and a rythm sublime,
Which shall flow on forever 'long the arches of time:



When an angel from Heaven sweeps down on the scene,
And the shepherds are frightened by the glory and gleam.

Peace on earth, and forever good will unto men
Was the song of the seraphs, which burst on us then;
And to-night let us all catch up the refrain,
And echo it forth to the world once again;
Peace on earth, and forever good will unto men,
Be our motto through life; as the seraphs sang then.
With the Magi let's follow the star of the East,
Not to palace or castle—not banquet or feast,
But away to the manger where the Savior once lay,
Wrapped in coarse clothing, and pillowed on hay,
And learn to be humble, and to never despise
Some sister, or brother, wrapt in poverty's guise.
Let us go with that child to the home of his youth,
Learning lessons of duty, obedience and truth;
And as Christ the dear Savior to his parents was true,
Let me ask, my dear children, is it not proper that you
Should strive to be truthful, obedient and mild,
As Jesus our Savior was, when He was a child?
In fancy let's tread on the shores of Galilee,
And note what we hear, and the sights which we see.
See! the Storm King is raging, and the billows are
tossed,

And the men in the boat cry aloud, "We are lost!"
When the Master, arising, bids the wild winds to cease,
And hushed is the storm, and lulled unto peace:
See the multitude hungered, as they sit on the shore,
And are taught by the Savior, as never before;
Then the banquet of heaven is luxuriously spread,
For the dear Savior blesses, and breaks up the bread,
And the thousands who hungered are fully supplied,
And fragments are gathered from the feast yet beside!
See, the lepers are cleansed—the deaf ones do hear,
The blind again see the landscape so dear,
The palsied grow strong—the lame ones do leap,
And death now no longer its victims doth keep,
For the Savior commands, and he bids them "come
forth,"

Restored unto life, and to dwell on the earth.

O turn the page where e'er we may,
Of our sweet Christmas story,
'Tis decked with rays of breaking day,
And filled with love and glory;
The world has been the brighter since,



Then the banquet of Heaven is luxuriously spread,
For the dear Savior blesses and breaks up the bread.

At Bethlehem in the manger,
In swaddling clothes, unlike a prince,
There lay the heavenly stranger.
And greater love, has well been said,
Has no man for another
Than that he'll lay his own life down,
And suffer for his brother.
The manger bade the world rejoice—
The cross brought tears and sorrows;
But through the gloom a heavenly voice
Bespoke a bright to-morrow;
For Christ the Lord would rise again—
His glory shine forever:
His form be seen and known of men,
His spirit bind their hearts together.
And now, to-night, let's hail the day
Which ushered in the glory,
And bless the morn whose blissful ray
Bedecks our Christmas story;
Well may the earth's wide welkin ring,
With loud and sweet hosannas;
All glory to the Lord and King,
Whose name is on our banners.

Golden Wedding Lines

[Read at the 50th wedding anniversary of the Rev. D. P.
Warner, by his sister, MRS. KATE LEAK, of Oakland, Cal.]

Hail friends and greeting, I bid you good cheer
In behalf of the friend who invited us here.
How dear to our hearts, when the season is run,
When the harvest is gathered and the hard work is
done,
Is Thanksgiving day, with its God given praise
For the bounties of earth and the length of our days:
But here, at this time whatever betides;
We've a thanksgiving day, and a wedding besides.
Yes, let us give thanks for the privilege today,
Of meeting our friends in this pleasant way,
And coming together in heart and in hand—
A happy reunion of our family band.
Though the springtime of youth with many has sped,
And our hair is turned gray, yet love is not dead:
For the love which is true is not for a day,
But endureth forever, and knows no decay;

And grows stronger and purer throughout all the years
Which are filled up with bliss, or hallowed by tears.
And now, my dear friends, if I must preside,
I present to you all, my brother and bride;
Fifty years, with their cycles and trials untold,
O'er the highway of Time their measure have rolled,
Since their love was first plighted, in honor and truth,
'Way back in the halcyon days of their youth;
Yet we turn in our gaze to a newly-wed pair,
Whose forms are yet straight, and features yet fair.
From the depths of our hearts, without any alloy,
We bid them good cheer—we wish them “much joy;”
And we pray that the Being who all blessing extends
Will continue to guide and protect these dear friends.
And to you, the dear children, and grand-children, too,
I've but a word more, and then I am through:
May the traits of these parents, their labor for right,
Hereafter be constantly kept in your sight,
As your guide and your mentor, wherever you go
On your journey through life in the world here below;
And when life with its trials has come to an end,
And the days of this world with eternity blend,

May you meet in the city, of which we are told,
The Lamb is the light, and the streets are of gold;
Where age is unknown, and the angels shall sing,
And the air is surcharged with an evergreen Spring.

[Lines written for the Golden Wedding Anniversary of John
F. Briggs, Esq., of White Rock, South Dakota, and read
January 1st, 1898, by MISS MABEL BEESON.]

We greet you, kind friends, we are glad you are here,
Our hearts bid you welcome, to us you are dear,
For friendship has grown with the flight of the years,
And love becomes stronger through trials and tears.
This life has its shadows which steal o'er the sun,
And we all have our cares till the journey is done.
And now as we turn and in memory gaze
On the scenes of our youth and earlier days,
We miss the dear forms of the loved ones of yore,
Who crossed o'er the river and passed on before
To that heaven of love and haven of rest,
We all love to think of as the home of the blest.
Sweet memory, linger—we ask thee to stay
As one of the guests on this festal day.

Yet we turn to the living, and this is our prayer:
May God bless our friends wherever they are.
Hail comrade and bridegroom, with her by your side
You chose in your youth as sweetheart and bride;
Long years have rolled by since the day you were wed,
Yet the flowers of love are not withered and dead,
But grow in your hearts, and are blooming as gay,
As they did on the morn of your first wedding day.
O the love of our youth, may its powers unfold;
O the love of our manhood, may it never grow cold,
But grow stronger, and purer, with trials and tears
Which come to us all with the flow of the years.
Fifty years with their cycles have rolled on their way,
Fifty years—fifty years, yet we gather today
To honor these friends, who then in their youth
Clasped hands for this life, and plighted their truth.
And now let us thank our Father above,
Who has led us along by the hand of his love,
And brought us together in health to extend
Kind wishes and greeting to our mutual friend.
Hail! husband of years; hail! bride of the past,

May your love and happiness continue to last
Through years yet to come—through days yet to be
Whilst you're spared unto him and he unto thee;
Hail! bride of today—and bridegroom anew,
The love of our hearts says, "Joy unto you."
And may the Kind Ruler continue to guide,
And over your home still watch and preside,
Whilst the river of Time flows on to the sea,
And this world to you as nothing shall be.

Hail! children and friends, we bid you "good cheer,"
Our hearts give you welcome, we are glad you are here.
Hail! memory sweet, of the loved ones of yore,
Come back unto us and bless us once more
With the charm of thy presence, we ask thee to stay
As the honored of guests at our table today.

Broken Links

'Round our lives are tendrils vining
Like the woodbine 'round the tree;
Kindred souls are intertwining
Coils of love 'round you and me.

Earthly ties we dread to sever,
Earthly hopes are slow to die;
And to loved ones we would never
Say the sad farewell, " Good bye."

But the links are 'round us breaking,
And my heart is growing sore;
Dearest friends their leave are taking,
And return to us no more.

Tried and true ones pass the portal,
Earth grows dull and heaven bright;
Earthly ties become immortal
When our loved ones pass from sight.

As the earthly chain unclasping,
Lest our dearest treasures fall,
Are we more of heaven grasping?
Do we heed the warning call?

God of love and power abiding,
Lead us toward the heavenly light;
Over all our thoughts presiding,
Guide our every footstep right.

Day by day the links are breaking,
Earthly friends are dying fast:
But in Heaven a chain is making,
Where the links shall ever last.

Spirit hands the chain extending
From the battlements on high,
Angel voices sweetly blending,
Beckon to us from the sky.

O by faith's enraptured vision,
May we see the gates ajar,

And behold the fields elysian,
Where our missing loved ones are.

God in Heaven, the links all gather
In unbroken chains above—
There with Thee to dwell forever,
Rescued by Thy wondrous love.

Sabbath School Room Re-dedication

M. E. Church of Cobleskill

Once more we come with willing feet
 Within this room we love,
To join in praise and offerings meet
 To God in Heaven above.
And as we backward turn our gaze
 To hours long passed away,
How sweet and sacred seem the days—
 How transient seems their stay.
Spring came and with it came the bees,
 The birds, the buds and flowers,
The crimson sky, the leafy trees,
 The sunshine and the showers.
The robin piped his sweetest note,
 The blue bird joined the tune;
Soon, through the windows there did float
 The mellow air of June,
To waft bird voices and our song



Spring came and with it came the bees,
The birds, the buds and flowers;
The crimson sky, the leafy trees,
The sunshine and the showers.

Where angel choirs unite
To swell the praises loud and long,
Through realms of endless light.
Then rays of golden sunlight lay
O'er meadow, farm and field,
And kissed the flowers, and dried the hay,
And made the harvests yield.
And oft when gathered here as now,
This summer glory came
To warm each heart, to light each brow,
And feed the feeble flame
Of thankfulness to Him who spread
His bounties all around;
Who gave us life—who gives us bread,
And homes with beauty crowned.
Soon Autumn came unto us here,
With train of royal brood;
With purpled grape and ripened ear,
And all we need for food.
The maple glowed with burnished gold,
The sumach seemed on fire,

And o'er the earth a charm unrolled
To raise our thoughts up higher
To Him who paints the autumn leaves
With gold and crimson dyes,
Till field and forest fairly breathe
The beauty of the skies ;
Then wintry winds which fiercely blow,
O'er mountain, vale and plain,
With silvery stars, and pearly snow,
Came back to us again ;
And then each white, unspotted field,
A lesson to us taught,
And to each mind I trust revealed
This true, and sacred thought :
As God is pure, so we should be
Unspotted as the snow,
With hearts all clean, from sin kept free
Whilst through the world we go ;
And thus the years have rolled along
Whilst we have gathered here,
And joined in praise and sacred song

With those we hold most dear.
No wonder, then, we love these walls—
These benches long and wide,
As men revere their school-day halls
And speak of them with pride.
But now, behold how great the change !
Old things have passed away—
These rooms seem new, and passing strange,
And beauteous here to-day !
A brighter color seems to rest
On sides and ceiling too;
And in their suits so neatly dressed,
These rooms are fair to view.
These frescoed walls—these burnished pews,
These flowers fresh and fair,
A gentle halo here diffuse
Like sunlight on the air.
Now, whilst we turn with thankful gaze
To all these colors bright,
May mind and heart ascend in praise
To realms beyond our sight.

To Him who paints the whole of earth,
And frescoes all the sky
With dyes which show celestial birth,
And jewels from on high.
And as we gather here as now,
Each sacred Sabbath day,
With willing mind and solemn vow,
To learn God's word and pray,
As time rolls on and seasons bring
Of winter and of fall—
Of glorious summer, bursting spring,
May each of them and all,
Although we love what's good below,
Yet draw our thoughts above,
With earnest zeal and fervent glow,
To Him whose name is love.

Read by the author at the rededication of the
M. E. Church Sabbath School room in Cobleskill.

The Rumseller's Vision

O'er earth the veil of night had closed,
 With all its quiet power,
And upright men in peace reposed
 Throughout each silent hour.
To minds of pure and holy frames,
 Bright fancies came to bless,
For conscience by its power proclaims
 To such a sweet caress.
But on a couch there restless lay
 A man who sold the curse
Which kills its victims day by day,
 And leaves their souls still worse.
To him a vision too appeared,
 A dream of awful dread,
For fancy, by its power upreared
 The ghosts of those long dead.
First passed before his startled sight
 A little blue eyed child,

Arrayed in robes of purest white

With looks as sweet and mild.

“Sir,” said the child, “did you but know

How my young heart has bled,

When in this wicked world below,

Hot tears of woe I shed,

And all because you gave my sire

The liquor that he craved,

And fostered on his base desire,

When he might yet been saved,

I think you would no longer sell

The cup which Satan fills,

To lure his victims down to hell,

And give to earth its ills.”

While yet she spoke another form

Broke in upon his rest,

The tears upon her cheeks still warm—

A babe upon her breast.

“See here,” she cried, “thou monster foe,

Thou stain upon mankind,

You cause more anguish, pain and woe

Than well can be defined.
I had a husband once, whose soul
Affection truly warmed,
Till by your winning base control,
He was in time transformed.
The heart which beat in tune with mine,
Grew pulseless, harsh and cold;
The smile I dreaded to resign,
At last he did withhold.
Then O, the anguish that I felt—
You see the tear drops now,
You see the babe upon my breast—
The furrows on my brow.
But for the cups you daily fill,
A life of bliss was ours;
Myself and babe were living still,
Had grief not crushed my powers.”
And then another joined the band,
Whose form was stooped and low;
A staff he held within his hand—
His step was weak and slow.

And as he raised his whitened head,
He spoke with earnest voice,
“ Monster, ’twas you to ruin led
My son, alas ! my choice.
He who I hoped would gently lead
Me downward to the grave,
Has only caused my heart to bleed,
For *you* the poison gave.
You dealt the damning drug, which killed
All goodness in his soul,
To him, in cups which still are filled
By you, for love of gold.”
“ O yes,” more voices still replied,
“ ’Tis so, God knows ’tis true
You deal out death on every side,
We all attest it too.”
Then more and more of forms there came,
And stood around his bed,
And many called him by his name,
Though long since they were dead.
“ O God,” he cried, “ can it be so,

Have I then done this deed,
Have I then wrought this scene of woe,
And caused these hearts to bleed?"

"O yes," the voices all replied,
"Yourself has caused this ill,
You deal out death's destructive tide,
Whene'er your cups you fill."

Ah, then he felt the scorching smart
Of conscience in his breast,
And breathed from out his aching heart,
The thoughts which broke his rest.

"And is there no relief from this—
No peace for men like me—
Can I not have on earth some bliss—
Can I no comfort see?"

"O yes," each voice with one accord,
Broke on his dreaming ear,
"Be just to man, *and true to God*,
While yet you're dwelling here.
Go cease your traffic from this day—
Do good where e'er you can,

Thus on the right and honest way,

You may become *a man*."

The morn had come—the man awoke,

And through that vision's power,

His casks of rum he quickly broke,

Nor sold it from that hour.

A Wreck on the Road

There's a wreck on the road ! A wreck did you say ?
And do you remember that awful, sad day
When the " Lightning Express " swept down from
the ridge,
And plunged from the track when crossing the bridge ?
There was crashing of timbers—there was breaking of
bones,
There were shrieks of the dying—there was blood on
the stones ;
And the hurried command, " Send the wrecking train
quick,
Five coaches are wrecked and down in the creek."
Send doctors for dying—send coffins for dead ;
Great God ! how quickly the horrid news spread.
There was rushing of children—there was shouting of
men,
As they swept to the rescue, there down in the glen.

* * * * *

Draw a veil o'er the scene, and no longer unroll
To the view of the people the terrible scroll.
The cars have been lifted—the tracks are repaired,
The dead are all buried—the injured are spared.
But what of the wrecks of the rumseller's bowl,
Which wrecks both in body and ruins in soul?
Do we rush to the rescue and labor to save
Our fellows from filling the drunkard's sad grave?

O brothers and comrades, I pray you beware
Of the serpent that stings, and the rumseller's snare.
There is death in the cup—turn the wine goblet down;
Meet offers to drink with manhood's bold frown.
“Yield not to temptation”—keep on the right track,
For once you are off, it is hard to “snatch back,”
And the demon of rum will bind you and goad
'Till the cry goeth forth, “*There's a wreck on the road.*”

Above the Rapids

There's a fellow out fishing, my brother,
And he sits like a man in a dream,
Whilst his boat without anchor or rudder,
Is drifting away down the stream.

Around him the sunlight is playing,
And the waves dance bright on their way,
Whilst the bee and the butterfly straying,
Are abroad o'er the river today.

Unconscious of danger he's gliding,
'Though his boat moves gently and slow,
Surely down where the abyss is hiding
And the waters are seething below.

Just before him the rapids are gleaming,
And the rocks lie rugged beneath,
But the man in the boat keeps dreaming,
As if touched by the torpor of death.



Surely down where the abyss is hiding
And the waters are seething below.

Shout aloud, all ye who are human,
 Ring the sound of alarm in his ears;
Send a cry like the wailing of woman
 O'er the water to awaken his fears.

Launch a boat and row out in the river,
 Throw a rope to rescue and save,
Ere he reaches the rapids and never
 Can be kept from a watery grave.

O my brothers, too many are fishing
 ' Bove the rapids of Rum everyday;
And what is the good of our wishing
 Them well, and have nothing to say.

Let us warn and entreat them with kindness
 Of the rocks and the whirlpool below;
Perhaps they will listen and mind us
 And be saved from shipwreck and woe.

Shout aloud, all ye who are human,
 Ring the sound of alarm in their ears;

Send a cry like the wailing of woman,
 O'er the water to awaken their fears.

Launch a boat and row out in the river,
 Throw a rope to rescue and save,
 Ere they're drawn in the rapids and never
 Are kept from the drunkard's sad grave.

Lines on the Death of President McKinley

Toll the bells—a nation weepeth
For the son it loved so well;
Lo, the noble hero sleepeth,
And our hearts with anguish swell.

Look, a tear is on the willow;
List, a sigh is on the breeze,
And the ocean's stormy billow
Bears a wail across the seas.

God in heaven, our hearts are bleeding
From the wound that he received;
Precious Savior, interceding,
Soothe thou her this blow hath grieved.

Guide our rulers—guard our nation,
May it still its mission fill,
And in every true relation,
Rule according to thy will.

Freemen, closer clasp each other
In the bonds of love and peace,
Man to man, and for our brother,
May our friendship still increase.

But for those who raise a finger
To uproot our righteous laws,
May our anger never linger,
Swift to guard our country's cause.

"Law and order!" be our war cry,
Down with anarchists of red;
Let us swear it, "live or die,"
As we view our honored dead.

Passing Away

I turn away from the noisy cares
Of this busy world of strife,
With its anxious thoughts and tempting snares
To the morning of my life.

Then a mother watched my infant feet,
And she marked my steps with care,
With a mother's heart and love complete,
With a mother's soul and prayer.

But sickness came and she suffered hard,
'Till death relieved the pain;
And she passed the gates which are all unbarred
And ne'er came back again.

Then an infant came one happy day,
And blessed our hearth three years;
'Till a shadow fell, and he passed away,
And our hearts were bathed with tears.

Then a father passed through the portals too,
And a brother followed soon,
Then a sister passed away from view,
In the cold and silent tomb.

I look again o'er the track of Time,
Some flowers along it spread,
But hosts of friends who once were mine,
Are numbered with the dead.

Ah, yes, I plainly see today,
Though my step be firm and strong,
That like my friends I must pass away,
Along with the moving throng.

Along with the throng which is moving fast,
Like a fleet toward a foreign shore,
The friends we loved too soon have passed,
And come back unto us no more.

And the thought comes up, O can it be,
That the grave is the end of Time?

That they're lost to us in an unknown sea,
These friends of yours and mine?

Forbid this thought—let the Bible guide
Our hearts and minds aright;
Our friends still live, and will abide,
Though out of our mortal sight.

For the closing scene which we call death,
When our loved ones pass away,
Is but the morn with its rosy breath,
As it ushers in the day.

The Land of the West

Our country is broad and famed are our hills,
Our rivers are mighty and sparkling our rills;
On the peaks of the Rockies, the snow caps are seen—
In the laps of our valleys the meadows are green,
The orange and palm are exceedingly fair,
Where Florida lies in the tropical air.
But the land which I love, and seemeth the best,
Is the home of the prairie, 'tis the land of the West.
Go see it at sunrise, when fresh o'er the land,
The burst of the sunlight spreads out on each hand;
When the tears of the night, all aglow with the blaze,
Are changed into gems by the sun's brilliant rays;
And out from the breast of the unbroken sod,
Come springing the flowers first planted by God:
'Tis a scene of rare beauty, and one to impart
A charm to the eye, and give joy to the heart.
Or view it at noonday, when wide o'er the plain
Are waving in billows the harvests of grain,

Which swayed by the breeze roll 'way from the eye
Like the roll of the ocean 'till touched by the sky.
And the broad fields of corn, in luxury dressed,
Loom up on the sight from the prairies' rich breast:
O the picture is grand—a sight to behold,
The beauties of which can scarcely be told.
But O when the West its curtain unrolls,
And its sky line of purple and crimson unfolds,
And the rays of the sun fall broadcast and free,
Like the glow of the moon on the silvery sea;
And the clouds are aglow with the radiant dyes
Which are not of this world, but born in the skies,
'Tis a picture divine, indeed by its birth,
The gallery of heaven is transferred to the earth.

Resurrection

I looked abroad o'er wintry lands,
The trees stood stark with empty hands,
With frozen trunks and branches bare
They tossed and swayed in icy air.
No carol now from blue bird's throat,
No robin piped its cheery note;
No flowers bloomed—the mountain rill
In winter's clasp was cold and still.
All, all was drear, I sadly said,
The earth is cold, and dumb and dead.
I looked again, the hour of Spring,
The world appeared a new born thing—
The south wind kissed the sleeping earth
And lo it woke—a magic birth !
The brooklet laughed—in living green
The budding trees were quickly seen;
The fields grew fresh—the meadows fair—
The song of birds now filled the air,

And flowers sprang from waking sod
Responsive to the call from God.
I looked upon a friend who died,
My heart was sore, I wildly cried,
Will winter now forever stay,
Or will there come a warm spring day
When voice of God with loving breath
Shall break and loose the bands of death?
Our friends go 'way and evermore
Remain upon some distant shore;
Or, it may be, on nearby coast.
Their barques no longer tempest tossed,
Are anchored safe in harbor fair
Where heavenly hosts and angels are.
O sacred theme—O wondrous day—
When sky and earth shall melt away
And trump of God with loud proclaim,
Bids us come forth to live again!
Yes, live again, as flowers bloom,
And spring to life from winter's tomb,
And not to die as flowers fall,

When winter comes with icy pall,
But live forever on heavenly plains
Where lasting summer always reigns;
And funeral rites are never said,
Nor graves are dug for sleeping dead.
O happy land—O land sublime!
O world of life—O heavenly clime—
How fair thy fields—how fresh the flowers,
Which bloom within eternal bowers.
Our Heavenly Father, thus we pray
May now our feet all cease to stray—
Lead us, O God, by thine own hand,
And bring us to that blissful land.

The Love of Life

I fain would catch time's wings tonight,
And bid it cease its eager flight.
The world is bright and friends are dear,
I love to live and linger here;
For earth-born ties are warm and strong,
O Heavenly Father, is this wrong?

The frost bound hills grow white with snow,
But spring soon comes and soft winds blow,
And clothed in royal robes of green
The naked trees are quickly seen;
And robins come and build their nests,
And pick and plume their crimson breasts.

Ah, yes, this world is fair to me,
The blooming flower and budding tree;
The rising moon and setting sun,
And starry sky my heart have won;
I fain would live and linger here,
For earth-born ties to me are dear.

Behold the laughing little rills
Behold the sunshine on the hills;
See yonder fields of waving green,
See yonder sea with silver sheen;
And note the fields of golden grain,
And tasseled corn upon the plain.

Then tell me, cynic am I right
Or not to claim this world is bright?
Ah, yes, to me this world is fair,
The lark is soaring high in air;
And swift winged swallows in their flight
And singing birds give me delight.

Yet Heavenly Father, thus I pray :
Teach me the true and perfect way;
My thoughts direct, and ever draw
My heart in concord with thy law;
Still loving as I loved before,
I wish to live and love thee more.

The Brotherhood of Man

The railway and the telegraph,
The telephone and steam,
At time and space exulting laugh
For what was but a dream,
Has now become a living truth,
Engraved upon the age,
In lines of fire with flashes bright
Across its title page.
No more do seas mankind divide—
No more does mountain range—
But brought together side by side,
They thoughts and words exchange.
Pacific greets Atlantic's morn—
Spain calls unto Japan—
And words of love in Heaven born,
Proclaim the brotherhood of man.
No more should war with havoc wild,
With shriek and groan and tear,

With mourning mother, wailing child,
Have any standing here.
But bound in peace as bound by steel,
The world be joined in one,
In bands of love which all should feel
'Till time's last day is done.
Then bid our wicked hearts be still,
And selfish actions cease,
Whilst friendly thoughts our bosoms fill,
And keep us all in peace.
Make temperance our rule for life—
From alcohol abstain,
Then freed from anger and from strife,
With clear unclouded brain,
Tread boldly in the path which leads
Where duty points the way,
And forge a link to form a chain,
To fetter creed and clan,
And firmer bind and help maintain
The brotherhood of man.

Do wicked hearts and ruthless hands
Conspire to deal a blow,
At tyrant lives in foreign lands
How swift the tidings go !
As lightning from a stormy sky—
As flashes from the sun—
As speeds the wind when storms go by,
They o'er the earth do run;
For Norway whispers to the palms—
The tropics to the poles—
And human thought in mighty psalms
O'er all the world enrolls.

And O when fiend in human form
At Garfield raised his hand,
And sought to do him mortal harm,
And wound our glorious land,
How like the meteors from the sky
Swift sped the news abroad,
As borne by angels from on high,
Sent from the throne of God.

'Till every heart at once stood still,
Mankind all held their breath,
And prayed, "O God, be it thy will
To hold him back from death."

For notwithstanding sin and strife,
Harsh words and ruthless deed
Their poison drop, and mar this life
And cause our hearts to bleed,
Yet underneath these seething waves,
Like cables 'neath the sea,
Lie coils of love from heart to heart
And bonds of sympathy.
One common Father for our race—
One Savior for us all—
One earth to be our burial place
One Heaven, or none at all.
Let's forge a link to form a chain
To fetter creed and clan,
And firmer bind and help maintain
The brotherhood of man.

The Beautiful

How beautiful the opening day
 When mountain top and tower
Are gilded with the morning ray,
 Which paints each tiny flower.
Athwart the sky the golden beams
 Of sunlight softly steal,
'Til woodland glows and valley gleams
 From gladness which they feel.
How lovely then the world appears,
 How beautiful the earth,
As though the night's baptismal tears
 Had blessed anew its birth.
O'er forest, stream and meadow fields
 The silvery sunlight spreads,
And all ablaze with golden rays
 The lake its lustre sheds.
How sweet the hour of eventide,
 When nature seeks repose,

And down the west the shadows glide
And shuts the blooming rose.
The air seems hushed—the shadows creep
O'er hillside, vale and plain,
And stars come forth and vigil keep
'Till day returns again.
And O, those jeweled gems of light,
How lovely to the eye !
How beautiful in myriads bright
They cluster in the sky;
And they perchance are worlds like ours,
With hills and lakes and trees,
Where maple leaves and blooming flowers
Are kissed by every breeze.
The little birds how blithe and free,
With brown or golden wing,
They skim the air right merrily,
Or sit and sweetly sing.
The apple blooms of blushing May,
The fruits of autumn time,
With lovely tints to me display
The artist hand divine.

The violet springing from the ground—
The grass and growing grain—
The pearly shells in ocean found,
The snowflakes and the rain,
Are clothed with beauty, and their birth
Bespeaks a master hand,
Which gilds the sky, and decks the earth
And blesses all the land.
And yet we read of brighter fields,
Of fairer fruits and flowers,
Where heavenly sunshine softly steals
'Mong ever blooming bowers.
Our Heavenly Father, thus we pray,
Guide all our steps aright;
Keep us within the narrow way
Which leads to endless light.
Then when earth's beauties slowly fade,
And faint and slow our breath,
And on our eyelids gently laid,
We feel the touch of death,
Our vision freed from earthly ties,
Shall with new strength expand,
And peering upward through the skies
Behold the "Promised Land."

Railroad Reminiscences

With the trains on our road, forty cars for a load
Rolling by the station each day,
My mind turns back, over memory's track,
To the years which are far away;
And I cannot but smile, and laugh for the while
When I think of "Green Erin's" sons
As they shoveled the earth, and gave vent to their mirth
In mischievous pranks and puns:
There was Patrick Muldoon and Dennis Gossoon
And Jimmy Mahar with a scar,
Which he got one night in a scrimmage and fight
When he felt the soft side of a bar.
O those were the days when in various ways
The "bhoys" on the yard had their fun,
When their spirits arose and they went for their foes
And swung the "shilalah" and gun.
But what shall I say of the men of that day
Who served as our bold engineers?
With their eyes on the track and miles to their back

Their hands never trembled with fears:
Delaney and Blake no "back seats" did take,
For indeed they were stalwart and true;
Whatever the grade, their time they well made,
And pulled their heavy trains through.
But they left us for aye, in the years far away,
And we think of them now in our tears;
And we truly can say, we mourned on the day
When they signed up the "pay roll" of years.
O men of good cheer, to me you were dear,
And I think of you often and long:
'Though humble of name, your deeds and your fame
I celebrate now in my song:
McCormick was brusque, but we always could trust
And rely on the words which he said;
'Though his spirits were light, his heart was all right
And we mourned when we heard he was dead;
And Gardner so fair that few could compare
With "Billy" in form or in face,
With gentlemanly air and the greatest of care
His train he ruled over with grace;
But there came a sad day in the usual way

When Death ran a train to his door
And with sceptre and sword, called out, "All aboard,"
For the land of the Ever Green Shore.
And Mayo so true, with his eyes of sky blue
And a heart that was loving and kind,
'Though gone to his rest in the land of the blest,
Still lives in the depths of my mind.
O robber, old Time, of the friends who were mine
You've taken full many a score,
And I feel I'm bereft, so few are there left
Of the friendships and comrades of yore;
And I turn in my gaze to the halcyon days
When the men were truer than steel,
And in all of their ways deserving the praise
Of seeking the company's weal;
When the fealty we owed we gave to the road
Which gave us our daily bread,
And went to our work with no spirit to shirk
No matter what any one said.
Ah! that is the test, and the one which is best,
To decide the worth of a man:
So workmen prove true, and whatever you do,

Perform it the best which you can;
And millionaires learn it is folly to spurn
The claims of the worker for hire,
But give him your ear and patiently hear
Of reforms which he may desire.
Then labor and cash no longer may clash,
But shoulder to shoulder may stand,
And "strikes" with their crash, knocking business to
"smash"
No longer may injure our land.

The Country Railroad Agent's Trials

Ho friends from the country, where the sweet robins
sing,

Where the crocus and cowslip add charms to the spring,
Where the lambs on the hillside in gambol and play,

Are seen from the house each sunny spring day;

And the fruits of the summer and autumn unfold

Their cheeks of bright crimson and colors of gold;

Where the great Master Artist His powers disclose

In the paint of the lily and blush of the rose,

And the hours are encircled with a halo of peace,

As the flocks in your fields and your harvests increase,

If you come to the station where the hissing hot steam,

And smoke of the engines in sunlight do gleam,

And find the old agent in the midst of the din,

Just bid him "good morning," speak kindly to him;

For the tone of his speech and the frown which he wears

Don't index his heart, but betoken his cares.

A car has been wrecked just up in the "sag,"

A wheel has been broken so it scarcely will drag,

And the load—well now, don't breathe a "cuss" word,
But the whole of that freight must be quickly transferred,

That case of dressed turkey admits no delay,
But be landed in Boston before Christmas day,
For that is no time to be feeding on greens,
Or confine the good people to a diet of beans!
There's a horse to be shipped, and a pig in a cage,
And a package to Brighton, "then forward by stage."
There's a "short" and an "over" and three "damage claims,"

A lot of "strayed freight" and cares without names;
Mr. Smith wants his lumber put on the side track,
And the cars which are there must be "crowded back,"
Peter Scott says his coal must quickly "be switched"
Or his work for the day will surely be ditched.
Mr. Jones wants two cars to be loaded with hay,
Mr. Blank wants the cars the very same day;
Richard Moore wants to know "why his freight is delayed."

Mr. Mann cannot see "where his has been strayed,"
When in comes a man all frenzied and wild,

And says with an oath, "See here, my dear child!
The train has been standing across the main street
And kept me there waiting 'till I've frozen my feet."

Then the telephone rings and he wonders who's there,
It is Bronson, and says, "How much is the fare
From Cheapside to Klondike with a dog and a gun,
A couple of fish poles and a keg of good rum?"

Then the auditor comes to look after the "debit,"
And says, "By the bills you are giving some credit.
Don't you know, my dear sir, that this is all wrong;
The company's rules were not made for a song."

Then the agent replies, "I know that is true,
But say, my kind sir, what shall a man do,
When a freighter has come through the wind and the
snow,

Five miles through the drifts with his cash little low?
Or perhaps in his hurry been looking askance
And left his cash back when changing his pants?"

Then the "way freight" comes with a rush and a
roar—

The conductor alights as often before—

And declares, " For this day I'll not make a switch,
Or I'll dump all the cars right down in the ditch."
Then the bold engineer, with a smile that is bland,
Says, " For once our conductor is certainly grand,
That miserable agent—if he had his way
Would keep us here switching the whole of the day."
Then the agent replies, " Your talk isn't nice,
And besides, sirs, with me, *it don't cut any ice*,
That switching you'll do or surely will rue it,
So get down to your work, and quickly get through it."
Then next on the scene comes old Mrs. Brown,
The sweetest old lady there is in the town;
She comes to inspect a car load of freight,
Which arrived in the night, from the end of the state.
A chair has been broken, and a jar of sweet jam,
Has dumped all its contents o'er a box of salt ham!
The smile which she wore upon her sweet face,
To a cloud and a frown now quickly gives place;
For the chair which is broken she quickly espies,
And " See here, Mr. Agent," she despairingly cries,
" That chair was my mother's—of mahogany made,

By the finest of workmen there was in the trade;
'Twas worth fifty dollars! Come this is no fun,
Let me know right away what is going to be done?"
Then the agent hangs his head, and has little to say,
For he knows very well that "the deuce is to pay."
Now these little trials are but part of the strife,
Which comes to perplex a railroader's life;
But say, my dear boys, we've no right to complain;
We are paid for our work—we labor for gain;
And the public, too, pays for all which it asks,
So let us be loyal and true to our tasks:
Remember, we're servants—keep this well in mind,
Treat every one squarely—speak mildly and kind,
And if we can't do this we'd better "retire,"
Step back from the ranks, out the range of the fire,
And let men of sense and superior graces,
Step up to the front and fill up our places.

An Acrostic.

May health with its blessings all others excelling,
And friendship as pure as the pearl or the dew,
Return with their joys, and all sadness dispelling,
Yet give the sweet pleasures of youth unto you.

Entwined with the rose is the thorn and the willow,
Life has its sunshine, its shadows and woe;
In vain may we hope that over its billow,
Zephyrs balmy and mild will unceasingly blow:
And yet in the future I trust that there lingers,
Beams of sunshine unchanging for you,
Ever lending thy page unstamped by time's fingers
Those colors that make it all bright to our view:
Have hope gentle friend, thy day spring is beaming,

Life's roses still bud, and will bloom yet for thee;
O'er thy pathway hereafter bright sunbeams be stream-
ing

While affection, and friendship from semblance all free
Ever faithful and lasting shall gather 'round thee.

Greenwood Cemetery.

Beyond the cities' worldly din,
Beyond the scenes of wrong and sin,
Where Nature breathes its sweet' perfume,
From roses in their early bloom,
Where zephyrs sigh 'mong vernal bowers
Throughout night's calm and silent hours,
And willows droop and cedars rise,
The sacred place called Greenwood lies;
O Greenwood, holy place of earth!
Both Art and Nature gave thee birth;
With zealous care both hand in hand,
Have beautified this spot of land.
O who can walk beneath its shades,
Or tread along its sacred glades,
And hear it's soft melodious air,
Sigh like the sound of infant prayer,
Except to feel a softening power.
Come stealing o'er him in that hour,

That bids him act a Christian's part,
And worship God with all his heart ?
Here flowery hills and sombre dales,
And crystal lakes, and silent vales,
Burst on the view with magic power,
Like some elysian shaded bower ;
And O how sweet the Sharon rose,
When Summer's breeze so gently blows,
Buds 'round the tombs where mourners kneel,
And tell sweet Heaven the woes they feel:
The flowers that each season rears,
Well watered by affections tears,
Here bloom with holy beauty crowned,
And cast their fragrance all around.
'Tis here that Nature tributes bring,
And spreads them with a lavish wing;
Here weeping friends in silence go,
And shed the tears of bitter woe,
And press the myrtle, 'round the grave
Of friends they loved, but could not save.
For Death's sure work is not delayed,

His ruthless hand is never stayed:
But what is death, with all its strife?
The soul exults in lasting life;
The marble pillars towering high,
Point up with meaning to the sky,
And silently they seem to say,
“ ‘The spirit’s home is far away;’ ”
Yes, far away, where Angels roam,
In realms beyond the heavenly dome;
O go when glows the sun’s first ray
That streaks the East with coming day
And view the charms which gather ’round
This very lovely burial ground.
The crystal tears the night hath shed
Glow brightly o’er the silent dead—
The gentle breath of morning hours
Is sighing ’mong the shady bowers—
The blushing leaves of roses spread—
The lily rears its drooping head—
The marble gives a brighter glow,
Like flashing gleams from pearly snow,

And dewy boughs in sunlight wave
In quiet vigil o'er each grave;
Or go, when sunlight steals away,
And night comes treading on the day;
When 'long these lakes there steals a shade,
And silence reigns in every glade.
It seems that Fairies here might dwell,
Within each all enchanting dell,
Content throughout the bowers to roam,
Nor wish a more celestial home;
And when the stars the heavens spread,
Come forth to vigil o'er the dead,
How sweet the moon's pale light comes down,
Upon this hallowed spot of ground;
Yes! hallowed ground we well may say,
For here how many dear ones lay—
How many souls here humbly bend,
And weep o'er some departed friend?
Some friend who lived within the heart,
From whom it seemed 'twere death to part.
Here mothers weep o'er some loved child,

Who all their daily cares beguiled,
And children mourn a parent's care—
A father's aid, or mother's prayer!
Yes! thousands sleep within these tombs
Who were the joy of earthly homes;
Rest on, ye dead, in sweet repose,
Beneath life's splendor, joy and woes,
'Till God at judgment shall decree,
That Death shall have no power o'er thee.

Be Cheerful.

Be cheerful, all ye humble poor,
And envy not your neighbors,
For 'though some ills you must endure,
And sweat beneath your labors;
You fare not half as hard as those,
Who eat unwholesome dinners;
And strut about in princely clothes,
Like royal, stall-fed sinners;
For toil will bring its sure reward,
And may be make you stronger;
And 'though you deem your fortune hard,
Your life will be the longer;
For high fed men at last will feel,
The gout has surely found them,
And wish they'd lived on plainer meal
Like poorer men around them.

Be cheerful, all ye vulgar crowd,
Nor sigh for rank or station,

Let other voices trumpet loud;
Win homage from the nation;
For politics is but a trade—
An every day profession—
And statesmen oft are “ready made”
And put up in succession.
So be content, ye working men,
And honor well your calling,
For if you stand quite low, why then,
The less the fear of falling.
But those who stand above us all,
And have no cause to grumble,
Will sometimes take a sudden fall,
And then, how far they tumble!

Be cheerful, all ye humble youths,
Who’re trying to be noted,
And be not to the fickle muse
Your time too much devoted;
For making rhymes will surely tend,
To keep your mind in clatter,

And all your work at last may end,
In total waste of matter.
For public praise gives up the palm,
To those alone who win it,
And since the race is hard to run,
We'd better not begin it;
For glory's won by losing legs,
And fame is but a bubble,
And wealth—sometimes the worldly dregs,
Brings only care and trouble.

Be cheerful, all ye ladies dear,
Who have not handsome faces,
For there are those, you need not fear,
Who prize superior graces;
And beauty oft is but a sham—
A whitewash o'er the features,
That poorly gives a transient charm,
To some ill-looking creatures.
So you who are not quite so fair,
If virtue but adorn thee,

Of worthy beaus will have your share,

Now mind, of this I warn thee:

For paint, and lace, and all such trash,

That ladies sport so gayly,

When stepping out to cut a dash

And promenading daily,

Will never charm a man of sense,

Or one who's worth the winning,

But sooner far this weak pretense,

Will only set him *grinning*.

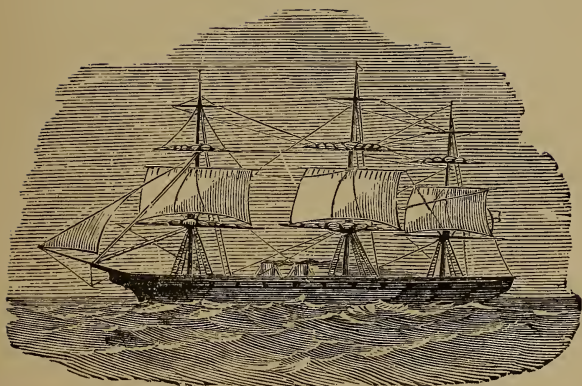
The Charm that Bids Me Stay.

When gazing oft upon the sky,
That seems to fringe the hills,
A sudden impulse fires my eye,
And through my bosom thrills.

I long to roam beyond the bound
My vision can survey,
But then in love there's always found
A charm that bids me stay.

I fancy spread upon the breeze,
The snowy sail untied,
To flap away o'er distant seas,
And 'bove their billows ride.

And then beneath its spreading fold
I see the water glow,
And glisten neath the sunset gold
As on the vessels go.



I fancy spread upon the breeze,
The snowy sail untied,
To flap away o'er distant seas,
And 'bove their billows ride.

Yes, fancy paints in colors clear,
Much fairer scenes than home,
But then my soul is fastened here
By ties I'll ne'er disown.

The look that beams from loving eyes
Throws 'round my life a spell
That none save me can fully prize,
Or half its pleasure tell.

I fain would roam some future time
Beneath Italia's sky,
And dwell within its sunny clime,
While life was rolling by.

For long ago when I was young,
I dreamed of sunny bowers,
Where plants in beauty always sprung
With fairer tints than ours.

And if no gentle spirit's power
Would soothe my aching breast,

A transient unproductive hour
Would number all my rest.

But now when fancy spreads her plumes,
And bears my thoughts away,
The love that all my life illumines
In wisdom bids me stay.

For though it would be joy to me
To roam in distant lands,
And wander far beside the sea
That washes foreign sands,

The earnest, solemn, second thought
Unto my mind reveals
That distant pleasures fiercely sought
The truest comfort steals.

For not a scene this earth can lend,
Can half the bliss impart,
That one true loving, gentle friend
Can give a feeling heart.

Thy Own Right Hand.

Thy own right hand must clear the way
That leads thee on to fame,
If e'er the light of glory's ray
Sheds lustre on thy name.
If e'er thou soar on upward wings
And 'mong thy fellows rise,
Or share the love that merit brings
To those who win the prize.
'Though friends for thee may feel a care,
And help thy mind to see,
Yet some there are who'd blot the star
That lights the path for thee.

Thy own right hand should guide the plough
And dig the stubborn soil,
And wipe from off thy sweating brow
The evidence of toil.
And make the earth its harvests yield,
To smile upon thy pains,

And nature deck the cultured field
 For thee, with waving grains.
 For God has spoke the stern decree,
 And none should it withstand;
 The sphere for thee henceforth shall be
 To crush and till the land.

Thy own right hand must wield the sword
 That glistens in the fight,
 When loud resounds the stirring word,
 To arms ! to arms ! for Right ;
 If e'er you win the victory,
 Or in the glory share
 With those who are the brave and free,
 And who for freedom dare.
 For those who shrink from danger's face,
 And from their duty flee,
 The pen shall trace, with deep disgrace,
 As men of low degree.

Thy own right hand must deal the blow,
 If wisdom you would gain,

If much of science you would know
And nature's works explain.
If e'er you win a laurel crown,
And be of real worth,
Thy acts must win thy own renown
Instead of wealth or birth.
For virtuous deeds and upright ways
Are jewels clear and bright,
Whose glittering rays will win the praise
Of those who love the right.

Thy own right hand must wield the pen,
And mark each earnest thought,
If thou wouldst share with other men
The fame their works have wrought.
Thy own right hand must roll away
The stone from out the gate,
That leads where wealth and honor lay,
If thou wouldst conquer fate.
For few for thee will e'er essay
To deal one stalwart blow,

To carve thy way where fortunes lay,
And all delight to go.

Then strike, ye youths—then strike, I say,
The work is thine to do;
Yourselves alone must carve the way
Which leads to wealth for you.

Then strike with spirits proud and free,
And hearts as bold and strong,
And fate will cast its smiles on thee,
And right will conquer wrong.

But strive to feel within thy souls
Dependence on the power
Whose hand enrolls and will controls
The works of every hour.

The Farmer's Prayer

O give us the light, O blissful sight,
Of the blazing sun again.

Let the farmer smite with the whole of his might
The stalks of the golden grain.

For I fancy now, on his sunburnt brow,
There rests a shade of fear;
And the men who bow to the scythe and plough,
Have need of a blissful year.

Let the westwind blow with a quick'ning flow
And the clouds be cleared away;
Let the heavens show a bright blue glow
That speaks of a shining day.

That speaks of the hope that the ripened crop
Grew not for man in vain,
But his empty cup shall be filled up
With the gifts of God again.

May the workman sing and the cradle swing
With a force that shows a will,
That tells as they fling, that they'll surely bring
The harvest home from the hill.

O give us, Lord, with thy full accord,
The blessing that we crave,
And a murmuring word will not be heard,
Nor the harvests longer wave.

Written in August, 1855, at time of constant
rain when the author was a farmer.

Thanksgiving

November skies are cold and gray,
The fields are bare and dreary;
No perfume now of new-made hay,
No robin's notes so cheery.

The maple trees their leaves have shed
And autumn winds are sighing;
The lovely flowers are dry and dead,
The glad old year is dying.

But, gracious God, we come again,
And thank Thee for the giving
Of ripened fruit and golden grain,
And all which makes our living.

The opening Spring gave promise fair
Of crops in good condition.
And summer showers and summer air
Brought forth the full fruition.

'Till all the barns and cribs appear
Filled with the harvest's treasure,
To mark this as the golden year
Which brought the farmer pleasure.

For all these gifts we give Thee praise,
With heartfelt, pure devotion;
Upon this day of festal days,
From ocean unto ocean.

We render thanks for singing birds,
For growing grass and flowers;
For kindly acts and gentle words
From loving friends of ours.

We bless Thee that no bloody hand
Has touched our glorious nation—
That peace has reigned throughout our land
With all its sweet oblation.

We thank Thee for the rising sun,
And for the moon in splendor;

For starry skies when day is done,
For friendship true and tender.

And now, O God, we humbly pray
Still richer gifts be given;
Lead us into Thy perfect way,
And fit us all for Heaven.

Then when our souls from earth set free,
In heavenly homes are living,
We'll render thanks again to Thee,
And keep anew, Thanksgiving.

Lines in Favor of Building the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad.

Written in 1856.

Men and brethren list I pray,
This is an important day;
Rising up in thinking minds,
Truth with brilliant lustre shines.
Yet through error's darkened screen
Dreadful ills by some are seen.
The cobwebs that the spiders strung,
While Rip Van Winkle yet was young,
Still cling around the hazy brows
Of some who should our cause espouse.
Men with vision closely shrouded,
And with reason sadly clouded,
Now would raise the mist of ages,
And yet claim to be our sages.
'Tis this that bids me raise my voice
In token of my settled choice.

Behold the good which has been done,
By railroads, and by them alone.
See yonder west in verdure dressed,
Speaks volumes in their praise;
It was but rich to say the best,
Before its railroad days.

Where wild the beasts roamed o'er the land,
The cabin and the farm-house stand;
Where once the cabin, now instead
A mansion rears its stately head;
Cities as if by magic raised
Where once the deer in quiet grazed,
Now stand to show the speedy change,
Of all within a railroad's range.
Where e'er these roads were ever built,
Their power for good is seen and felt.
Behold, beyond the seas afar,
Beneath the sway of Russia's Czar,
Or yonder where the English Isle,
Is blessed by Queen Victoria's smile,
They bring progression on its way,

And usher in a brighter day.
Then why should we not have one too?
It would for us the same thing do;
Here where nature has done much,
But art scarce felt us with its touch;
Our lands are rich—our crops are fair—
Our herds are fat—yet here we are.
Within our old and rusty shell,
In blissful nothingness we dwell.
But build the railroad, and we'll claim
A better fate—a brighter name.

Close at our backs we'll have the west,
With all its verdure richly dressed;
New York and Boston at our feet,
And Albany we'll hourly greet.
Thus joined unto the business world,
Progression's flag will be unfurled;
And men will prize the railroad's sway
That now upbraid its cause today.
How shall we do it? some may ask,
And 'tis indeed a heavy task.

Go, sirs, and sign the railroad bill,
It will not cause you any ill;
But then some say it is not just
That they be taxed to raise the "dust,"
While yet they are in truth confessing
The road would be to them a blessing.
Why then not pay your honest part,
And do it with a cheerful heart?
But if there is a single soul
So lost to reason's right control,
As not to prize a railroad's sway,
To him I would most humbly say,
Go seek some dark sequestered glade,
Beneath some lonely mountain's shade,
And with some moss beneath your head,
Make beech leaves answer for your bed.
Rest on, ye sloths! in quiet sleep,
While tree toads 'round you vigil keep!

Today and Tomorrow.

[Written during the War of the Rebellion.]

Where now are the halcyon days of our pride,
When we thought that no power could our union divide?
When our flag all untarnished, was honored and blest,
Alike in the South, the East and the West?
Gone! Gone! are those days and another appears,
Clad in garments of mourning and wading through tears
For rebellion has spread through the South like a flood,
And deluged our land with rivers of blood!
In the hillside cottage a widow now weeps,
For the choice of her heart on the battle-field sleeps,
And his sunny-haired boy, since he cometh no more,
Lists in vain for his voice, or his step on the floor.
The furrows grow deeper on the old man's brow,
For the son who went forth from the spade and the plow
To fight for his country, 'though urged to remain,
Has fought his last fight, and comes not again;
While the voice of the mother in tones of despair,
Is borne on the wailing, dirge-laden air.

O say, will today with its clouds and its sorrow,
Give way to a sunny, and a joyous tomorrow?
Will the stars of our Union, now severed in twain,
Be ever united into one banner again?

God grant there will come to our country a day,
When the battling hosts of the Blue and the Gray,
Will cease from their conflict, and sheathing the sword,
Join hands over the chasm, with our Union restored!
Where the mansion and lawn with its carpet of green,
A ruin and heath in their place is now seen;
Where temples of learning, hospitals stand,
With barracks and breastworks close at each hand,
And the march of our nation, yet only begun,
Seems checked for long years or ages to come.
War! War! with its scourge, its carnage and strife,
Seems sapping most surely our nation's best life.
O say, will today with its clouds and its sorrow,
Give way to a peaceful and sunny tomorrow?
Will our long-loved Union by the struggle be saved
And soon o'er our land the olive branch waved?
From the far sunny South, but loudly and clear,

The noise of the conflict now strikes on the ear;
The death-dealing cannon with peal upon peal—
The deep rolling drum, the clashing of steel—
The shrieks of the dying—the bursting of shell
Bring horrors to earth, like offsprings of Hell!
O say, will today with its clouds and its sorrow,
Give way to a joyous and peaceful tomorrow?
Great God! may tomorrow most speedily come,
When the boom of the cannon—the roll of the drum—
The shrieks of the dying—the wail of despair,
No longer rise up to o'erladen the air;
When Reason once more assumes its loved sway
And the spirit of warfare cowers away;
When the stars of our flag now severed in twain,
Unite and bespangle one banner again.
May the men of the South, as they gaze o'er their land.
Now blackened and marred by war on each hand,
And behold on their fields once waving with grain,
The traces of conflict and tombs of the slain,
Be led to cry out, "Let us sheathe now the sword,
Let this warfare be ended—the Union restored—

For once we were happy, ere the stripes and the stars
Were displaced by the traitorous secession bars.”
May we of the North, as we gaze on the scene
’Though our land is unscathed—our fields are yet green,
Behold how the widows and fatherless weep,
For thousands now sleeping their last and long sleep,
Far away from their homes, with no marble to tell
The spot where they lie, or the place where they fell,
And be led to bid vengeance and anger be still,
While our hearts with the spirit of friendship shall fill,
And our hands be stretched forth, from shore unto shore
To welcome the South to the Union once more.
Then! then! will today with its clouds and its sorrow,
Give way to a joyous and *lasting* tomorrow!
Great God! may tomorrow most speedily come,
When the boom of the cannon—the roll of the drum—
The shrieks of the dying—the wail of despair—
No longer rise up to o’erladen the air;
When Reason once more assumes its loved sway,
And the spirit of warfare cowers away;
When the stars of our Union, now severed in twain
Unite and bespangle one banner again.

What the Stars of Our Flag Tell Us.

[Written during the war to free Cuba from the rule of Spain.]

There's a flag which is floating on the still summer air,
Its stripes are unspotted—its fabric is fair,
And the stars in its folds seem as bright to the eye
As the sun in the heaven or stars in the sky.
Hail, flag of the free! Hail, flag of the brave!
O'er our glorious country this banner doth wave;
And the stars speak a language to the listening ear,
To the patriots' heart, most sacred and dear;
They tell of a country widespreading and grand—
With the richest of mines and the fairest of land;
Broad lakes and high mountains rising skyward and free
And bold rushing rivers flowing on to the sea;
They speak of a country where no edict or clan
Can fetter or stifle the conscience of man,
But free as the wind or the air which he breathes
He worships his God in the way he believes.
O flag of my country, forever and aye

May the stars in thy folds shine bright as today.
They speak of a place where merit and worth,
Are the test of true manhood—not title or birth;
Where the rich and the poor on equality stand,
In political rights, in a glorious land.

O land of magnolia, O land of the pine,
May the stars in thy banner continue to shine
As brightly as now—with as luminous rays
'Till the angel proclaims the ending of days!
For the tale which they tell as they speak unto me,
Is the tale of a people as valiant as free;
Behold how a Dewey with his ships on the main
In the bay of Manila crushed the power of Spain;
Behold how a Sampson and a Schley with their breath
Swept the waters of Cuba with the besom of death,
'Till the ships of old Spain went down in the fight,
And the world stood in awe at the wonderful sight.
O banner uplifted—O banner unfurled
In behalf of the down-trodden sons of the world,
May God rule our army in Cuba's fair fields,
'Till the pride of the Spaniard submissively yields,

And the white dove of peace spreads its wings on the
breeze,

'Till it covers all lands and encircles the seas:

O flag of my country, the stars in thy fold

Are dear to my heart and fair to behold;

They speak of a people enlightened and free

Who cringe not to tyrants, and bend not the knee,

And tell of a nation united as one

From the shore of Atlantic to the set of the sun.

O stars of our flag, unto me you proclaim

A story of suffering and legend of fame;

How our forefathers fought—how they suffered and
died,

To bequeath unto us this land of our pride,

With its treasures of freedom—O land of my birth,

To me thou art dearest of any on earth;

May the stars in our banner continue to shine,

And blaze with their light 'long the highway of Time;

Guide the nations, O banner—go forward today

Where the spirit of freedom is pointing the way;

And, O heavenly Father, may thy guiding hand

Continue to lead and prosper our land.

The New Year.

O'er the highway of Time we are marching and tread-
ing,

Toward the end of earth's journey from day unto
day;

The sand grains of life the dial is shedding,

And ere long the last grain will have wasted away:

We stand on a hill at New Year, and our vision

Turns back o'er the road we already have passed,

Beholding some scenes all bright and elysian,

And others o'er which a dark shadow is cast;

Then turn, with new hopes and hearts all emotion

To the road yet untraveled, the days yet to come,

As the mariner scans with his eye glass the ocean,

To discern what's ahead till his voyaging is done;

But in vain are our efforts, unto us 'tis forbidden

To know what our fate in the future will be;

The joys yet reserved, and the sorrows lie hidden

In the hands of Jehovah by a changeless decree;

And that hand so almighty from the ages yet folden
In the blank book of Time, plucks the leaves one by
one,

So we know that each day with its moments so golden
May prove the last page dealt to us 'neath the sun.

How soon has the year from out of Time's ocean,

Rolled back one more wave on the shore of the past
Since the birth of last year with its joyous commotion
Seems but a few days, yester morn was its last!

Wintry blasts swept the fields and sighed on the moun-
tains,

Soon the kisses of Spring were borne on the breeze;
Then the singing of birds—the murmur of fountains,

The blooming of flowers and the budding of trees:
Then summer was crowned, and the forests were glow-
ing,

Full dressed with their beautiful garments of leaves,
Whilst down in the fields the farmer was mowing

The grain with his sickle and gathering the sheaves;
When lo, stately Autumn, with its shadows returning
Brought its mornings of frost and evenings of cheer,

To quickly give place, notwithstanding our yearning,

To the winds of the Winter and another New Year.

As we stand on this summit, our journey reviewing,

Let us gather new strength for the labors undone;

The wrong all forsaking and the right still pursuing,

Press on in the conflict till the victory is won.

Has the hearth-stone been shrouded—the home circle
broken,

Some true one and loved one been summoned away,
So the heart has been bleeding from sorrows unspoken

And grief been its burden by night and by day?

Look up from the grave to the mansions of glory,

Where the good and the holy in safety shall rest,

With a prayer that your loved one has gone on before
thee,

To live on forever in the home of the blest.

Whilst we mourn for the dead let us turn to the living

With increasing affection and tenderer care;

To the loved who are left let us ever be giving

Our hands, faithful service, and hearts, purest
prayer.

Has rum held dominion and its votaries 'round us
Crushed the good from our lives in the days which
are past ?

Let us break from our limbs the chains which have
bound us,

Stepping out in the world in full manhood at last;
Have our acts been oppressive and scanty the measure
We have dealt to our brother as the year has gone by?
Remember, it is God who hath given the treasure,

And beholds all our acts from his throne in the sky:
Let us strive to deal justly, gently and kindly—

Hear the wail of the stricken—see the wants of the
poor—

Not rushing on madly, unheeding and blindly,

But beholding the suffering, and bestowing the cure.
Have we walked all the while with footsteps all steady
Throughout the past year as virtue would guide,
With our hearts ever open and hands ever ready,

To do a good deed with pleasure and pride;
Have our children and parents and friends been receiv-
ing

The devotion from us that to them has been due ?
Have those who have loved us, our firmness believing,
Found our acts always faithful, and words ever true?
Have we strove to rise higher in the scale of our being
Subduing all the evil and upbuilding the good,
From the pathway of vice have our footsteps been fleeing,

By the side of the right have we manfully stood ?
Let us move right along through the year just beginning,

In the path which we wisely and safely have trod;
Thus joy for ourselves we will ever be winning,
Doing good unto others and our duty to God.
We are told of a land where the day is eternal—

No changing of seasons, no months or New Years,
But Spring is unending, and everything vernal

The sight of the traveler unceasingly cheers:
As the New Year rolls 'round and the road yet before
us

Draws nearer, and nearer, still nearer the end,
May the blessings of life and the clouds passing o'er us

So chasten our hearts and such influence lend,
That we walk all uprightly with purpose unbended
And our gaze ever fixed on the prize to be won,
'Till our days all are numbered—our journey is ended—
Our life book is written—our life work is done.
Then death will but open the gateway to glory,
And the soul disenthralled from everything here,
Rise up from the earth to learn the sweet story
Of a home in the skies and a heavenly New Year.

An Appeal for Freedom

(Written at the time of the invasion of Kansas by
armed bands from Missouri,)

Wide awake, O Freedom's lovers,
Thick and fast the foemen rise,
Danger 'round our idol hovers,
Clouds o'ercast our nation's skies;
Looming up far o'er the prairies,
Vapors black with discord roll,
And from right the strong arm varies,
He, who could, gives no control;
Men baptized at Freedom's altar,
Should defend its sacred cause;
God forbid that one should falter—
Kneel to slavery's base applause;
Yet it is the mournful case;
Truth and justice both are spurned—
Rulers yield for power and place,
Rights their sires so nobly earned;

Fierce the conflict soon must rage,
Lest the power of slavery cowers,
Right must soon with wrong engage
Freedom only should be ours.
May its friends in phalanx rally,
Fling its standard to the breeze,
Heaven itself will be our ally,
If we mind its just decrees;
Look to Kansas! read its story,
Fraught with tales of awful wrong;
Crime and guilt seem counted glory,
Power upholds the wicked throng;
There beneath our eagle's pinions,
Freedom's bliss should find a home,
But behold how slavery's minions
Strive to seize upon the throne.
Who can bear such dealings longer?
Freemen now are mobbed and killed!
'Though they're right, the foe is stronger,
Kansas now with war is filled!
Now 'tis time for Freedom's lovers

To unite the tide to stay;
Close the cloud of slavery hovers,
Let us brush the cloud away :
Long enough we've bent and yielded,
Ah, too long, I firmly say;
Northern votes, if rightly wielded,
Might have kept the foe at bay.
Men should feel that Freedom's dearer—
Holier than most other things,
Nought on earth should e'er seem nearer,
Nought to man more blessing brings.

Responsiveness

When brooklets lie 'neath icy bands,
All hushed and still in death,
And winters cold and icy hands,
And blasting, freezing breath,
Have touched with fatal touch each flower,
And withered bud and leaf,
It seems as if there was no power
Could bring to earth relief.
But He who said, "Let there be light!"
And lo, a flood of gold
Burst through the gloomy walls of night
And o'er the earth unrolled,
Hath so arranged the changeless laws
Which govern earth and air,
That all respond to one great cause
And loyal 'legiance bear:
The smaller orbs within their spheres
Responsive to the sun,

In changeless tracks through endless years,
 Their heavenly courses run.
The magnet turns unto the pole;
 The ocean ebbs and flows,
Responsive to the great control
 The law of nature shows;
And so when Spring with magic wand,
 The ice bound landscape feels,
And gently whispers o'er the land
 Its call to woods and fields,
The brooklets burst their icy bands,
 No longer hushed in death,
But laugh, and leap o'er rocks and sands,
 Responsive to the balmy breath,
That's wooing gently o'er the earth,
 And waking up the flowers,
With kiss of love to deck once more
 This sinful world of ours.
The violet springs from out the sod,
 The snow drop bursts to view—
Fresh offerings from the hand of God,

Love gifts to me and you.
The lark soars forth to meet the morn—
Its mate the robin calls—
The swallow seeks the farmer's barn,
And builds beneath its walls;
Eye looks to eye—heart beats to heart,
And hands with hands unite;
Responsive thrills will quickly start
Of sorrow or delight;
For souls to souls are all allied,
Love calls unto another;
The husband answers to his bride—
The maiden, to her lover.
The mists rise up to meet the sun,
But when the earth is calling,
With heated breath and parching tongue,
For rain drops to be falling,
Some friendly cloud the sky o'erspreads,
As if the call was heeded,
And on the earth responsive sheds
The rain drops which were needed;

Then bursting bud and blooming flower
 Their petals open wide,
Responsive to the fresh'ning shower
 Which all their wants supplied;
The violet shows a brighter hue—
 The grass a richer green,
As if the earth baptized anew,
 In festal robes was seen.
O gracious Father—Power Divine,
 Responsive to Thy will,
Wake up this drowsy heart of mine—
 My soul with rapture fill;
From henceforth lead me by Thy hand,
 Obedient as a child,
To walk uprightly, and to stand
 Before Thee, undefiled.

Klondike's Gold

Where nature all her bounty yields,
A farmer dwelt among his fields;
A fruitful garden showed his care,
And flowers perfumed the summer air,
So sweetly !

Within, the house was neat and clean,
The snow-white loaf and cloth were seen—
Fit tokens of a mother's care,
For *mother's* hands had placed them there,
So lovingly !

The crops were never known to fail,
And breath of clover filled the gale;
The graceful elms their branches spread,
So travelers stopped to gaze and said,
How beautiful!

The lowing kine in pastures strayed,
And on the hillside lambkins played;
The swallow twittered in its nest,
The robin pecked and plumed its breast,
Exultingly !

How fair the scene, how sweet the home
Where only love and joy are known;
But " times were hard " and little gold
Into the farmer's chest was rolled,
To jingle merrily.

This farmer had one stalwart boy,
His father's pride, and mother's joy;
As 'round the farm it oft was said,
With sturdy limb and manly tread,
He stepped majestically !

So when from cold Alaska's strand,
The news of gold swept o'er the land,
Up sprang the stalwart son and said,

The biting cold I do not dread,
Disdainfully !

I'll brave the storms of Chilkoot pass,
And cross the plains of frozen glass ;
On Yukon's banks I'll stake my claim
And dig for gold, and work for fame
Exceedingly !

He went, but oh, what woe untold,
He suffered in his search for gold ;
No downy couch was now his bed,
No pillow now to rest his head,
So soothingly !

But wretched, cold and starved was he,
A stricken soul in misery ;
And sickness came, and wildly raved
He who the Chilkoot pass had braved
Disdainfully !

Then all the stories which were told
Of Klondike's fields of glittering gold

Swept through his racked and crazy brain,
And came and went, and came again,
So mournfully !

And dreams of home would sweetly creep,
And break upon his troubled sleep ;
The graceful elms again were spread,
And tralers stopped to gaze and said,
How beautiful !

The snow-white cloth again was seen,
His schoolmates played upon the green,
And *mother's* hand now smoothed his bed,
And *mother's* hand now bathed his head,
So tenderly !

But oh, sweet dreams are quickly past ;
They come, they go, too bright to last ;
And there on Klondike's fields, away,
He died one dark and dismal day,
So wretchedly !

Say, stalwart youths, 'tis best to stay
Where loving kine in pastures stray ;
Where robins peck and plume their breasts,
And swallows flit and build their nests,
So cosily !

Here, homes their sacred joys unfold ;
Here, lies unearthed the purest gold ;
A brother's love—a father's care—
A sister's kiss—a mother's prayer
So pleadingly !

Ah, these are gold no Klondike field
To human hearts can ever yield ;
Stay, stalwart sons, don't dare the pass,
Or tread the plains of frozen glass,
Disdainfully !

But stay, where toil and care combined
With flowers of love are intertwined,
And make the spot we fondly own—
That sacred place we call "our home,"
A heaven on earth !

The Storm at St. Louis

Where Mississippi rolls its tide,
A regal city stands,
With happy homes and commerce vast
Within its ready hands;
Its streets are thronged with busy feet
And men with active brain,
And loving hearts at firesides meet
When night steals o'er the plain.
These homes are filled with wealth and art,
High rise their domes and fair,
And childish glee its charms impart
And flowers perfume the air;
Along its wharf the merchant ship
And floating palace lie,
And laden trains of earthly goods
Go steaming swiftly by:
Peace reigns and nature sweetly smiles
Upon this summer day,

And lovers' words and lovers' wiles

Drive sombre care away:

But look, the sky grows overcast

A storm is hovering near!

From out the west the darkening crest

Of thunder clouds appear;

They darker grow—they twist and curl,

And crouching toward the earth,

They sweep across the prairie lands,

A cyclone at its birth!

But look again, it grows in strength

And angers for the fight,

And nearer comes with deathly tread,

A giant in its might!

A city lies within its path

Why not its progress check?

Why let it move with fearful wrath

And strew its wake with wreck?

But hear the thunder's crashing peal

And hear the whirlwind scream!

With blinding flash and fiery zeal

The cloud born lightnings gleam;
And onward comes the fearful storm,
No human power can stay,
And God withholds his guiding hand,
And gives it right of way:
It comes—it comes with fearful roar—
Black roll the clouds and swell,
A seething mass of wind and flame,
An avalanche of Hell.
It strikes St. Louis in its face—
It smites it hip and thigh,
And human hopes, and human homes
Go whirling toward the sky!
Crash go the walls—down falls the spire,
And church, and mart, and hall,
And colonnade and works of art
In one dread ruin fall:
Down sink the boats—we hold our breath
- While gurgling water rolls,
And sings the requiem of death
O'er forms the river holds.

Alas the day when on its way
This home-fed cyclone came,
With hungry maw and grasping paw,
With thunder bolt and flame.

* * * * *

The storm has passed, and azure skies
Look down on hill and plain,
And untouched fields with verdure laugh
And smiles the growing grain;
But O, within the city's bound
What wreck and dismal sway,
Have ruled the hour, with direful power,
This melancholy day:
Homes wrecked—men killed—
Nor age nor sex been spared;
The high, the low, the rich, the poor,
Death's harvest here have shared.
Oh God! our puny hands lie limp
And helpless by our side;
We breathe no ire, but lisp a prayer
For those who wept and died:

Yet, with this weight of human woe
Upon our hearts oppressed,
We humbly ask *Why was it so?*
And *Was it for the best?*

The Political Situation

Written during the Presidential Campaign of 1896.

Ho, voters throughout the whole nation,
The smoke of the skirmish has passed;
Each freeman whatever his station,
Can see the great leaders at last.

McKinley with banner uplifted,
At Canton, of tariff declaims,
And shows where the country has drifted
In the hands of the party he blames.

He tells us quite oft of "sound money,"
But never in accents is bold,
To proclaim if the sound shall be silver,
Or our coins be only of gold.

Not a word of the reptile that's creeping
Through valley, o'er mountain and hill,

Not a note of the sorrow and weeping,
Which is caused by "the worm of the still."

Mark Hanna now swingeth the baton,
And he rules the Republican ring;
The order comes, "march;" and they move on,
The signal comes, "sing;" and they sing.

Who ever saw millions of freemen
So ingloriously led by the nose?
Come this way, cries the millionaire leader,
And they follow wherever he goes.

The tariff was to be the prime factor,
To capture the ballots this year;
With McKinley the principal actor,
But tariff has been sent to the rear.

New idols have been reared for worship,
Unto one of which we are told,
The Israelites turned in their journey,
As they worshiped the image of gold.

Of the measure and value of silver,
Of the "standard" and merits of gold,
I wonder sometimes if we ever
Of the whole of the truth will be told.

"Protection" for wool and for iron,
"Protection" for shop and for mill,
But "*license*" for selling and buying
The cup which the rumsellers fill.

The silver tongued son of Nebraska,
Bringeth never a word of good cheer;
But his heart seems cold as Alaska,
Toward the cause we are holding so dear.

Great God who ruleth in heaven,
How long shall this agony be?
Ere the curse from our land shall be driven,
And our people indeed shall be free?

Ho, look, there's a light in the horizon,
Which is shedding a luminous ray;

'Tis the star we name "Prohibition,"
And betokens a happier day.

At its shrine few gather to worship,
But their hearts are stalwart and true;
And with God and the home for our mission,
We will see how much we can do.

Our creed is the good of the nation,
Our motto, "protection" from rum—
Our hope, the final salvation
From the ruin we're fearful will come.

Then, brothers, come close by the altar,
For God and the home take a stand;
In the path of your duty don't falter,
But help to redeem our fair land.

Retrospect

I sit to-day in my easy chair
Where the summer shadows lay,
Where the flowers of June perfume the air,
And the birds sing sweet and gay ;
The woods are dressed in their olden style,
But their garb is fresh and new,
And the bees are busy all the while,
And the fields are fair to view,
Yet my mind turns back o'er a beaten track,
To the hours of long ago,
When the world was bright to my youthful sight,
And bereft of all its woe.
A kindly voice salutes my ear,
And a cherished form I see,
For a mother comes in the shadows here
And sweetly talks to me ;
And a father takes me by the hand,
And we roam across the fields,
Where the ripening grain of the cultured land,

Its waving harvest yields ;
And I sit again in the school house door,
Where playmates all are seen,
And we join in sport as oft before
And skip o'er the village green ;
The hours roll by with a quickening pace,
And youth too soon has passed,
Like the golden hours of summer flowers,
Or dreams too bright to last.
Then a maiden comes with a modest grace,
And lays her hand in mine,
With a throbbing heart and an earnest face,
And says, " I will be thine."
We will walk together, side by side,
Through the busy world as one,
And together bide and stem life's tide,
'Till its last day's work is done.
O sweet were the hours which rolled away
Like the gentle streamlets flow,
And calm as the earth at the close of day,
When the lengthening shadows grow;

But sweeter still were the hours which came

When an infant's sky blue eyes
Looked up to mine with a love-lit flame,
That was born in Paradise;
And the infant grew in form and grace,
With a forehead passing fair,
And became a boy with a pleasant face,
And a wealth of golden hair.

O, I see him now as he frisked about
In the dooryard 'neath the trees,
And I hear his laugh and merry shout
Come ringing on the breeze.

A brighter glory seems to rest
On the face of earth the while,
And my parent heart seems sweetly blest
By the glow of his cherub smile.

But soon the sky grows overcast,
And a cloud is lowering nigh,
For the purest joys are the soonest past,
And the fairest flowers die.

Like a rose bud broken ere its bloom,

He faded soon away,
And the world seemed wrapped in a pall of gloom,
And deprived of the light of day.
Oh, I see the little sufferer now,
With his wealth of golden hair,
With the stamp of sickness on his brow,
And its warning traces there;
And I mark his footprints in the sand,
Where he strayed along the shore,
Till he crossed the stream to the better land
And returned to us no more.
O, dearest Father, Heavenly One,
Are these earthly treasures given
And withdrawn from us ere the morning sun
Has reached the early heaven,
To draw us upward toward the goal
Where thy richest glories rest,
Where the good of years, and the infant soul
In a home with Thee are blest?
Then let us cease at once to weep
For the cherub gone before,
Where the angel bands their watches keep
And beckon across the shore.

Freedom's Spirit

When o'er earth's primeval features
Shone the youthful orb of day,
And among all living creatures,
Man was called to hold the sway;
Freedom's spirit—gift from heaven,
God bestowed upon mankind,
And this gift, divinely given,
Dwells within the human mind.
Persecutions, fierce and lasting,
Stained with crime and cruel death,
Like Sirocco breezes blasting,
All before their poisonous breath,
Oft have claimed complete dominion,
O'er the hearts and minds of men;
But behold how free-opinion
Rent the fetters loose again !
See, the martyrs firm and daring
Stood unyielding at the stake—

Fiery pains and torment bearing
 Boldly for their freedom's sake;
And though wrong and force combining
 May attempt to rule the free,
Their incessant undermining
 Will not wreck sweet liberty.
For the hand that freely sent it,
 From the eternal throne on high,
With its sacred blessings lent it
 Powers of life that *never die*.

•

Labor

To work and break the earth's green sod
Is yielding to the will of God;
To labor will no man disgrace—
The hardened hand and sunburnt face
Are real honors nobly won,
By toiling neath the summer's sun.
The man who ploughs the stubborn soil,
Or earns his bread by daily toil,
Is worthier far than those who play,
Or lounge life's precious hours away.
For such, indeed, are drones no earth,
Scarce worthy of a name or birth.
'Tis labor both on sea and land—
'Tis labor by the mind or hand
That should, at all times, truly be
The ensign of nobility.
'Tis work, indeed, when well applied,

Turns mountain streams far out, aside,
And makes their rocky beds unfold
Their valued ores and grains of gold.
It levels mountains, rocks and hills,
And valleys deep and wide it fills,
Sends news upon the lightning's wings,
And iron chains o'er rivers flings.
Cities by its power arise,
With domes which stretch to meet the skies,
And columns reared in ancient days
Proclaim its power and sound its praise.
Since time's swift waves began to roll,
'Till heaven's expanse is but a scroll,
There has not been, nor will there be
A glorious deed from labor free.
It woos sweet sleep, it gives us health—
It opens wide the gate to wealth,
And wins full many a precious prize
That never meets the sluggard's eyes.
Then work, ye youths of ardent mind,
With scythe and spade, and thought combined;

And if you would in lifetime be
Enlisted with the great and free,
Seek for that wisdom letters yield,
Nor scorn the labors of the field.

Discernment

Man walks in his regal pride today,
He counts the stars in the Milky Way
And tells how the planets their courses run,
As they circle round the glorious sun.
He studies the ocean, rocks and air,
And would gladly have science lay everything bare;
But strive as he may, he surely will find,
There are things which are sealed to the finite mind.
Today, the woods, with a glow untold,
Wear a crimson garment flecked with gold;
And we say, 'tis the work of the Master's hand
That spreads this glory o'er the autumn land;
But O, I ask, do we know the way
How He formed the orb which gives us day?
How He paints this lovely world of ours,
And decks the fields with the grass and flowers?
A tiny seed is dropped in the ground,
The rain drops fall, the days go 'round—

The sunshine makes the seed bulb swell,
It springs from the earth, but who can tell,
All there is to know of the magic birth
Of the grass and the grain, and the flowers of earth?
Ah, who can make one seed 'twill grow
Or form one flake of the pearly snow?
Can we tell all there is of a human tear
Which drops from the eye on a loved ones bier?
Do we know how the throb of a human heart
Makes a sigh to rise or a tear to start?
We gaze on a man in his lusty pride,
And tomorrow we say the man has died;
For his heart is still—he breathes no breath—
The change seems strange—we call it death;
But O, I ask for a seer so wise,
As to show unto me where the mystery lies:
Do we know what it was which gave control?
Can we measure the power of the human soul?
Ah me, when the balmy south wind blows,
Do we know whence it came, can we tell where it goes?
Do we know all there is of the faintest note

Which trills from the tiny blue birds throat?
We gaze on the moon when it rises high
And mark the dome of the vaulted sky,
But say, is this arch of the azure blue
An open book unto me and you?
When the storm has passed, before our eyes
On the clouds are stamped the rainbow dyes;
Can we tell all there is of the promised bow?
O, our finite minds, how little we know!
Do we know all there is of the evening stars,
Can we pierce the gates of the heavenly bars?
O, our heavenly Father, thus we pray,
May the eye of faith make clear the way;
'Mid all these clouds of doubts and gloom,
Our ignorant hearts and minds illumine;
Grant to us all, Thy spiritual light,
And guide our wayward thoughts aright.

The Coming of the Cars

Written in 1852 when the building of the Albany and Susquehanna railroad was being agitated.

Hail ! all hail the glorious time,
When the rail-car's welcome chime
Shall resound from hill to hill,
Throughout the vale of Cobleskill.

May Green Erin's sons come forth,
Break the rock and dig the earth,
And stamp the power of skill and toil
Plainly on our fertile soil.

May the steam's propelling aid
Soon be here indeed displayed;
May the vapors soon be curled,
And we be ushered to the world.

Hasten, O thou glorious time,
When the East and Western clime,
Shall be joined by one more chain
Which forever shall remain.

Then long buried powers shall be
Aroused into their energy—
Then, although a little late,
We will honor New York State.

Hasten, O thou welcome day,
When the engine's mighty sway
Shall be felt and seen indeed,
Here where sure its aid we need.

Here, where nature has done much,
But art scarce felt us with its touch;
Here, where silence ne'er is broke,
By the gliding rail-car's stroke.

Where that sound would quickly start
A thrill of joy in every heart,
And there would most surely be
A general day of jubilee.

When hats would wave and 'kerchiefs fly,
And shouts be echoed to the sky,
If we could hear a mystic humming,
And know the cars, in fact, were coming.

Our Christmas Story

Each age has its martyrs and men of renown,
Each country its heroes with laurels to crown;
And the stories we read set our bosoms aglow,
With the thought of their valor, or tale of their woe;
We read of the time of the holy crusades,
When lances were lifted and glistened the blades,
To wrest from the grasp of Mohammedan sway
The tomb of the Savior we worship today;
Then the hosts of all Europe arose to the work,
And the war cry was raised of "Death to the Turk;"
Then, cohorts were booted and spurred for the fight,
And the tocsin resounded, "To arms for the right;"
Ah! those were the days when the noble of name,
In the shock of the battle sought glory and fame;
And who can forget the field of Waterloo,
Where the soldiers of France stood valiant and true?
Ah! the world stood aghast—the world held its breath,
As the gallant "Old Guard" charged down to their
death;

They died in the battle, their leader to save
From defeat by the foemen, as perish the brave;
And our land and country abundantly yields
Rich stories of valor from its battle fields:
Valley Forge has its tale of sadness and woe,
Where the blood of our soldiers becrimsoned the snow,
As they suffered from hunger and cold winter sleet,
Half clad on their backs, and no shoes on their feet!
O patriot hearts—O bravest of sires,
You gave up your blood to light Liberty's fires;
We hail you, we greet you, we call you our own,
The grandest of men the world has yet known;
The light of your deeds and valor sublime
Forever shall glow down the arches of Time.
You died for your country, our blessings to give,
You died that the spirit of Freedom might live.
But the story we tell is more wonderful far
Than the tales of the brave and valiant in war;
We tell of a world which was ruined and lost—
Of a world to be saved, whatever the cost!
So the Savior came down from mansions on high,

To live on the earth—then suffer and die,
To restore a lost race to the favor of God
By the path of the Cross, which He willingly trod;
So we shout "All Hosanna" to the Savior and King,
Who came to the earth, such blessings to bring.
O, the story we tell of the sweet Christmas-tide,
Is holier far than all others beside;
How the angels sang anthems of joy and delight;
'Neath Palestine's sky that clear Christmas night,
And the star of the East kept pointing the way,
'Til it came to the spot where the dear infant lay;
And there it stood still, as if it would speak,
"Come worship this child—the Savior you seek."
O well might the angels with melody sing,
And the wise of the East their offerings bring,
For there in the manger with no banner unfurled
Lay the infantile Hero and King of the world.
O bells, sound your chimes, on the day of His birth,
'Til the joyful acclaim encircles the earth;
Peace on earth—Peace on earth, good will unto men,
Let this be our motto as the seraphs sang then:



“ O well might the Angels with melody sing,
And the wise of the East their offerings bring.”

But our story leads on to the shore of Gallilee,
Where Christ taught the people by the side of the sea,
To the doors of the temple—to the homes of the poor
He journeyed to heal, and the lame ones to cure,
And away to the tomb where Lazarus lay,
In the slumber of death—inanimate clay;
O, hark all ye nations, hear the Savior proclaim,
“Lazarus come forth and be living again;”
He hears the sweet voice the Savior extends,
And rises to life—restored to his friends!
O, immaculate Savior—of unlimited power,
Who could doubt your divinity after this hour?
O, this is the hero we worship today,
May our hearts all respond to His merciful sway.
In the midst of rejoicing and Christmas delight,
Let us turn in our gaze to Calvary’s height;
See the Savior uplifted to ransom our race!
O, the climax of love—to die in our place!
Blessed Christ, may we place our affections on Thee,
Who died on the cross that we might be free.
And today let this story of devotion untold,

Over all of the Earth in chorus be rolled.
O, martyr sublime—O, Savior and King,
This day unto Thee our homage we bring;
Hark! the angels are singing their anthems again,
And the shepherds are watching on Bethlehem's plain;
And the star moves on and is pointing the way
To the Savior—the Savior on this Christmas day;
O God, may we follow—keep close to the light,
Like the men of the East on the first Christmas night;
'Til the Savior we find, on whom we depend,
Our Hero, our Martyr, Defender and Friend.

Dedication Poem

[Read at the dedication of the Sabbath School room in the
new M. E. Church in Cobleskill, July 8th, 1894, by
MISS SUSAN ARMSTRONG.]

We come in Thy courts this day with rejoicing,
And give thanks, heavenly Father, alone unto Thee,
And with lips, and with organ our praises are voicing,
For the joy which we feel, and the things which we
see.

Abroad in the meadows the larks are now singing,
In the blush of the morn of these beautiful days,
And the groves, and the woodland are merrily ringing
With the carols of birds giving anthems of praise;
For the winter has passed, and the summer arising
With its noontide of glory, new pleasure imparts,
And decks the whole land with a beauty surprising,
And stirs up the fountain of love in our hearts;
And now, heavenly Father, with Thy blessings unceas-
ing,
And Thy hand guiding us all of these days,

May our love and our faith be ever increasing—

More earnest and greater be growing our praise.

One year has but passed since in roughness were lying

Piles of timber and stone uncouth to the eye,

But workmen soon came, the tools were soon flying;

And a church was upbuilding with others to vie;

Summer merged into Autumn, Winter came with its
sadness,

Frost bound the rivers, and cold grew the air,

But the workmen toiled on with devotion and gladness

This house to erect, and this room to prepare:

'Til turn our eyes which way we may,

The scene is fair before us,

For beauty rests where'er they stray,

And frescoed walls are o'er us.

Look up, look out, behold the scene;

These things are not a vision,

These gilded domes are not a dream,

'Though decked with shades elysian;

For loyal men and women too,

Forsaking worldly pleasure,

Have labored long, and labored true
And given of their treasure;
And youthful hearts, and little hands
Have clasped with those of older,
And marched along in solid bands,
With shoulder unto shoulder,
To rear these walls and swing in air
The bell now hanging o'er us,
Whose mellow cadence calls to prayer
With loud and pleading chorus.
O heavenly Father, hear us now,
And grant us our petition;
Before Thy throne we humbly bow
In meek and deep contrition;
The errors of the past forgive,
And in the future guide us;
Enable us to rightly live,
And with Thy grace provide us;
So lead us, Lord, that we may lead
According to Thy will,
And closely watch, and kindly feed,

And keep from worldly ill
The little ones whose wayward feet
Shall tread within this room,
Now decked with garlands rare and sweet
And robed with summer bloom;
For unto Thee and them this day,
This room we dedicate;
Bless them, bless us, bless all we pray
Who come within its gate.

Lines to a Friend on Her Departure for California
in 1855

Farewell to thee lady! farewell unto thee!
May fortune attend thee to lands o'er the sea;
May the sail flow gently that bears thee away,
And the waters beneath it but tranquilly play;
And oft when the moon, like a queen in the sky,
Bedecks with its silver the oceans green dye,
And the stars that smile sweetly from heaven on thee,
Seem setting like diamonds in the waves of the sea,
May you gaze on the scene in the fullness of health,
And long share this blessing which is greater than
wealth.

Farewell to thee, lady! we never can know,
What's before us in life of joy or of woe:
We know not the changes a year may bring forth,
So fleeting and fickle are things of the earth,
But we trust that the guardian Power above
Will give thee sweet friendship, enjoyment and love;

May thy pathway in life be strewn with gay flowers,
That are culled from the shade of pleasures green
 bowers,

And O, may contentment its influence lend
To crown the pure joy of our highly prized friend.

Farewell to thee, lady! farewell for a while;
How sad it now seems to lose thy gay smile;
Now soon we must miss the sweet tone of thy voice—
'Though fate has decreed it, it is not our choice;
For an accent of kindness is hung on each word,
And thy music flows gently, like the song of a bird.
The feeling that friendship instills in the heart,
Makes us sad when we think thou wilt quickly depart,
But since thou must go, we wish thee "good bye,"
Though that sorrowful word awakens a sigh.

Farewell to thee, lady! farewell we all say,
We only can wish thee good luck on the way;|
May each sun as it sinks in the ocean's broad breast,
And bedecks with its gold the sky in the west,
But rise in the morn with a glittering ray,

And roll on in its splendor the whole of the day:
 For we crave for thee pleasure by land and by sea,
 And we trust that no ill will happen to thee;
 For we feel in our hearts what we earnestly tell,
 When we say to thee, lady, we wish thee farewell.

Farewell to thee, lady! kind lady, adieu!
 We cannot but feel a friendship for you;
 And when the wide ocean between us doth roll,
 This feeling will live in the depths of the soul;
 And oft when the steamers sweep over the sea,
 We trust we shall hear good tidings from thee;
 And may we all claim a thought of thy mind,
 When in fancy you gaze on the scenes left behind;
 For we prize the good wishes of the gentle and true,
 We value, fair lady, such beings as you.

Farewell to thee, lady! farewell unto thee,
 Thy husband is calling from far o'er the sea;
 Go lighten his heart with the charm of thy smile,
 Which cannot but serve all care to beguile.
 Go tell him the wishes that friendship imparts,

Are enshrined for you both in the depths of our hearts;
And we crave that each blessing that from heaven descends

Will be shared in full measure, by both of our friends.
Farewell to thee, lady! farewell unto thee!
May fortune attend thee to lands o'er the sea.

The Waves of Time

Well the wind is blowing fierce tonight,
And the snow is falling fast,
But the gale will stop with the morning light
And the storm be quickly past;
For the waves of time keep rolling by,
And breaking along the shore,
So the barques they bear and the days of care
Come back unto us no more.
Now up on the mountain's towering crest,
And down in the plain below,
The snow lies thick on the earth's cold breast
And the violets cease to grow.
But spring will come with its balmy days,
And its mornings blushing red,
And the snow will melt 'neath the mellow rays
That wide o'er the earth will spread.
And the violets, then, will grow again,
And the trees on the mountain side,

Put forth their leaves in the gentle rain,
And their naked branches hide.
And the robins come with the thrush and sing
The same as they did last year,
'Till the copse and the woodland fairly ring
With the notes we love to hear.
For the waves of time are rolling by,
And bearing us toward the hours
When the sun goes down in a golden sky,
And the earth is decked with flowers.
Then summer soon will be wafted 'round
With its harvests rich and rare,
When the new made hay will press the ground
And its odors rest on the air.
And the farmer reap from the teeming soil
The crops which a heavenly hand
Has reared from the earth to reward his toil,
And bless the whole of the land.
Then the autumn, too, will come again,
With its ripened corn and sheaves,
When the chilly winds will sweep the plain



“ And the robins come with the thrush and sing
The same as they did last year,
'Till the copse and the woodland fairly ring
With the notes we love to hear.”

And rustle the withered leaves;
For the waves of time keep rolling by
With a a surging, stately tread,
'Till we gaze on the past, and breathe a sigh
That the years so soon are dead.
Now a little infant lies today
On its mother's breast asleep,
And tomorrow a child we see at play
With its fast and flying feet.
One ripple more on the sea of time,
Then a youth with a sparkling eye,
And soon a man in his lusty prime
Is stepping with vigor by.
One ripple more, so slight, 'twould seem
But the dip of a swallow's wing,
Or the passing light of a flitting gleam,
When the clouds their shgdows fling,
And the man is wafted hence, away
On the gliding stream of time,
And his barque lies anchored in the bay
Of a new and changeless clime.



“ One ripple more on the sea of time,
Then a youth with a sparkling eye.”

'Tis ever thus on the sea of life
The fleets come hurrying by,
Though they breast the storm of the billows' strife
Or sail 'neath a placid sky.
When we look around we think we stand
With our feet on the solid shore,
And we watch the boats which are out from land
And list to the ocean's roar;
And we do not think that *we* are afloat
On the rolling ocean too,
Whose restless waves are rocking *our* boat,
And bearing us out of view.
O, Power Supreme, whose almighty will
Bade the raging winds to cease,
And the shrieking blasts grew soft and still,
And the billows sank in peace;
We ask Thy aid, and we crave Thy hand,
To guide our crafts aright,
So we sail along t'ward the beauteous land,
Where the shores are always bright;
Where a heavenly springtime always reigns
And the violets always grow,
For a lasting sunshine gilds the plains,
And no seasons come or go.

An Acrostic

Composing rhymes is not for me,
Life's busy work my care;
And yet, kind friend, I bring to thee
Right thoughts of what our duties are.
A voice to soothe, a heart to love,
O these are gifts divine;
Heaven will their lasting goodness prove,
And may these gifts be thine.
Devoted to the cause you love,
Long may your life be spared;
Ennobling all with thoughts which prove
Your love and labor, they have shared.

A Knight of Labor

Ho, the steady worker is the man for me,
And a valiant knight indeed is he:
Ho, the worker keeps his armor bright—
Ho, the worker guides the shuttle right;
And this real knight unto you I bring,
I grant him honor and crown him king.

The man who works with his willing hands
And on his merit squarely stands,
Ho, he's the knight for me.
No midnight conclave binds his will,
Nor holds the voice of his manhood still;
But firm and honest, bold and true,
He's free to speak and free to do.

Ho, the worker moves with a steady tread,
He pays for his home and wins his bread,
As he moves the wheels of the business world,
And the engine pants and its smoke is curled:
With conscience free and his armor bright,
He's a freeman bold—indeed a knight.

The Hop Grower's Song

[When hops were a dollar a pound.]

“Come Betsy, my darling, the night is far sped
Come hurry, I say, get out of the bed,
And hasten the breakfast—the boys, the dear souls,
Must go to the station, and draw our hop poles.”
“O Jacob, my husband,” the wife piteously pleads,
“I am tired and sleepy, and what is the need,
Of calling me up in the darkness of night,
To get a warm meal before it is light?”
“Why Betsy, dear Betsy,” the husband replies,
“The time is all wasting—how quickly it flies!
Come, shake off your slumber, spring up with a bound;
When hops are commanding a dollar a pound,
'Tis no time to be sleepy and dull in your head,
Or lie late in the morning snoozing in bed.
We must plow up the meadow—the wheat field the
same,
And the raising of hops must now be our game,
For the wealth of the Indies will become our reward,

And we'll praise our good luck, and give thanks to
the Lord

For the hops we shall raise, when the hop poles are set,
And you shall be dressed in your satins, you bet.

The bedsteads and chairs, now dull to our view,
Shall be broken for wood, and replaced all by new ;

A piano that is costly and ever so nice

Shall be purchased and placed in the house in a trice—

The horses be decked with new harness and bells,—

Three robes in the cutter like all of the swells,

And the simple old ways, once our ancestors pride,

We shall quit, and forever put entirely aside.”

Then Betsy springs up with a chirp and a smile—

The horses are harnessed by the boys in the while—

The breakfast is ready and swallowed in fun,

And thus with great glee the work is begun ;

Away for the station speed the swift flying steeds ;

No Storm King or Frost King the farmer now heeds,

But with whiskers all whitened, and eye brows all ice,

He declares, “it is pleasant ” and the weather “so
nice.”

'Tis surprising what solace and magic is found,
In hops, when commanding *a dollar a pound* !
Arrived at the station, half frozen with cold,
And anxious to learn if the poles are all sold,
The agent is sought for and found on the ground ;
Forty car loads of cedars are standing around !
And the question is asked, "Has *my* car load yet come ?
And if not, my dear sir, what on earth will be done ?
It was shipped from the Junction some two weeks ago ;
Has the road, sir, been blocked with ice or with snow ?
Will you write, will you telegraph ? Now hark what
I say,

I'll know what's the reason of all this delay,
Or the company will suffer—I'll cause them to sweat,
For I'm not to be fooled in this way, you bet,
When hops are going up—still up with a bound,
And last week were fetching *a dollar a pound* !"
Then another man comes, "Well, how is it today,
Have the hop poles yet come for Johnny Gilday ?
Are they going to Seward ? will Hyndsville get cars?
If not, my dear sir, why bless all my stars—

My teams are all waiting, and have been a week,
And I am so disappointed, I scarcely can speak ;
But hurry them forward—the Lightning Express,
Will do for my poles for this time I guess,
But the next ones which come, must move along faster,
Or perchance I will meet with financial disaster,
For hops, as you know, and many have found,
Are not always commanding a dollar a pound !
Well, my friends, that's a point worth laying to heart ;
And if rightly considered 'twill a lesson impart ;
Shall the meadow be broken—shall the wheat field be
spared,
Or both for the culture of hop roots be bared ?
Remember that he who makes haste to be rich,
Quite often goes down into poverty's ditch ;
It is better, far better to drive slowly or wait,
Than to steam right ahead at a two-forty gait,
And run off the track, and break the machine,
E're the race is half run, and the mile post is seen.

Our Country

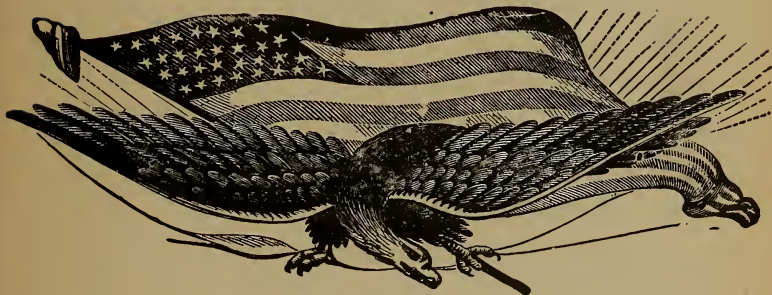
Here is the home of the brave and the free
Reaching out from river and lake unto sea;
Here, Liberty sits enthroned on each hill
For our country is ruled by the people's own will,
And through the extent of our beautiful land
Has Providence strewn with a liberal hand:
Where Atlantic's blue waves in sunlight do glow—
At the South where the flowers unceasingly blow
To Oregon's wilds far away in the West,
Where earth with rich forests still darkly is dressed,
Are privileges, joys and comforts untold
Inlaid with rich mines of silver and gold.
Then sound the glad echo o'er river and sea,
Our country is rich and we are the free:
The American's heart for freedom beats fast,
And leaps at the thought of scenes which are past
For the blood of the heroes, who our liberty won,
Has passed unsullied from father to son;
Still brave are our soldiers—still true to the sword

And the voice of devotion is everywhere heard.
Though Washington's frame now slumbers in death
His precepts diffuse a life-giving breath;
And though sages have died, and heroes have fell
In the hearts of our people they ever will dwell:
Then shout all ye freemen—ye noble by birth,
America's star sheds light o'er the earth;
For here in this country, all dotted with farms,
Is the cradle of freedom protected by arms:
Here is a shelter for all the distressed—
A home for the poor, or greatly oppressed.
And the stars of our flag now sparkle as bright
As meteors which flash in the darkness of night,
And the motto it heralds to nations afar
Is union, and strength and triumph in war.
Wherever an ocean its billows doth roll,
From the point of the south, away to the pole,
Our pennon is streaming away on the breeze
That blows over deserts, and sweeps o'er the seas,
Upheld to the world by a resolute band

On river and lake, on sea and on land.
O long may its stripes in beauty display
The power and virtue of Liberty's sway,
And long may its folds be proudly unfurled
As the hope of mankind all over the world.
Where Hungary's sons with bravery fought,
In vain for the prize they eagerly sought,
To the isle of Green Erin that springs from the sea,
Our people are counted the noble and free;
For the light of our land shines ever afar
As a guide to the nations and beckoning star,
To those who would fain in reality be
From monarchs and tyrants eternally free.
O well may we say our country is great
And noble each portion—each section and state;
Our rivers that flow with swift running tide
And seek the broad ocean, or sandy sea side,
Bear millions of bushels of produce away,
That ever our husbandman's toil doth repay;
Pennsylvania's mountains send forth their dark coal,

California yields its treasures of gold,
And forests of oak and pine may be seen,
By the side of our harvests and meadows so green;
Railroads traverse the most of our union,
And telegraphs furnish electric communion;
The fluid which Franklin corked up in a bottle,
Our people control without even a stopple.
Yes, the lightning of heaven they make as a toy,
And compel it to serve as the nation's postboy.
O make the glad welkin ring loud o'er the land,
From forest to city, from city to strand;
When oppression and war drove 'way from its throne,
The noble gray eagle, the pride of old Rome,
It scanned all Europe, and quickly it found,
Each country was dark, each monarch was crowned;
Then boldly its pinions to the westward it bore,
And alighted upon our own noble shore;
Through scenes of carnage and bloodshed it passed,
But came off the victor, in triumph at last.
And though years have gone by since the glorious day
When tyranny cowered 'neath liberty's sway,

When the lion of England was wrapt in its fold
And freedom rejoiced the sight to behold,
Its pinions still spread, and its eye is as bright
As the sun in the sky—the fountain of light.



O, noble gray eagle—O flag of the brave—
May thy pinions still spread—our banner still wave,
O'er a people united, valiant and free
From the gulf to the lakes—from sea unto sea.

The Changing of the Seasons

Prepared for the harvest home festival held
in the M. E. Church, of Cobleskill, Nov 25, 1900,
and read by Miss Christobel Abbott.

Once more we come with willing feet
 Within this room we love,
To join in praise and offerings meet
 To God in Heaven above;
And as we backward turn our gaze
 To hours now passed away,
How fleet and fleeing seem the days,
 How transient seems their stay.
In wintry shroud the earth lay dead
 And dumb beneath the sky,
As time its rushing courses sped,
 And months went rolling by.
Spring came, and with it came the bees,
 The birds, the buds and flowers,

The crimson sky, the leafy trees,
The sunshine and the showers.
Soon rays of summer sunlight lay
O'er meadow, farm and field,
And kissed the flowers, and dried the hay,
And made the harvests yield.
Now autumn comes unto us here,
With train of royal brood,
With purpled grape, and ripened ear.
And all we need for food.
Behold the lovely autumn leaves !
Behold the golden fruit !
Behold the glowing harvest sheaves—
Repast for man and brute:
Our hands are full, our hearts should be,
Great God, of thankfulness to Thee,
To Thee who paints the whole of earth,
And frescoes all the sky,
With dyes which show celestial birth
And jewels from on high—
To Thee, who drops from out Thy hand

All blessings we have here,
Who gives us homes in this fair land,
And guards them year by year.
Our hands are full, our hearts should be,
Of thankfulness, Great God, to Thee.
And now the day has come again,
This festal time of year,
When harvest's home—when golden grain,
And ripened fruit and ear
Have filled our barns, and shall our hearts
Not fill with love and praise,
To Him who all this good imparts,
And blesses all our days?
God of the harvest, hear us now;
With open hand and heart,
Of these rich gifts we humbly vow
To give to Thee a part:
Our hands are full, our hearts should be,
Great God, of thankfulness to Thee.

Children's Day

Written for Children's Day exercises in the
M E. Church of Cobleskill.

The world is now gay and rejoicing,
And clothed in its brightest array;
The birds and the bees are now voicing
Their sweetest of praises today.
In gardens the flowers are all blooming—
In meadows the grass is all green,
And the beauty of Heaven seems illuming
The land with its glory and gleam.
How good and how many the reasons,
This loveliest time of the year—
This halcyon hour of the seasons,
Should remind us of those we hold dear;
Of our children—the dearest of treasures—
The men and the women to be,
The source of the sweetest of pleasures,
Or the keenest of sorrow we see.

How important we keep them from straying
From the path the noble have trod,
The warnings of conscience obeying,
And the sacred commandments of God.
In the world through which we are passing,
Notwithstanding its beauty and bloom,
There are sorrows which are keen and lasting
There are vices and sighing and gloom;
There are pitfalls dug deep in the roadway,
There are whirlpools of sin they must shun
Or their vessels will be wrecked ere the noonday
Or perchance when the voyage is begun.
And now when from ocean to ocean,
Throughout the whole breadth of our land,
The anthems of praise and devotion,
Roll onward from strand unto strand;
Let us vow to be faithful and fervent,
And watch with a tenderer care—
And plead with the children more urgent,
And bear them still closer in prayer
To the breast of the Savior who loves them,

And said as He taught by the sea,
“Of such is the kingdom of Heaven,
Let the little ones come unto me.”
And children, you too have a duty—
A task that you must perform;
Heart culture will give you true beauty—
Pure actions preserve you from harm.
As I think of your faces so smiling,
And bedecked with the roses of youth,
I ask, will sin be beguiling .
Your steps from goodness and truth?
O may the the good angels all guide you,
And the Bible be ever your light;
May God with His spirit provide you,
And lead all your footsteps aright.
There is merit and joy in true living—
In goodness there is comfort and peace,
And by helping each other, and giving
Good gifts, we our pleasure increase.
The world is now gay and rejoicing,
And clothed in its brightest array;

The birds and the bees are now voicing
Their sweetest of praises today.
In gardens the flowers are all blooming,
In meadows the grass is all green,
And the beauty of Heaven seems illuming
The land with its glory and gleam;
But the flowers will wither and perish—
The meadows grow barren and drear,
And the glorious summer we cherish
Give way to the frosts of each year.
But only a shadow there is to divide
This day from unending tomorrow;
And living aright, this side of the tide,
We much out of Heaven can borrow.
We see not the gates nor the fields yet beyond
Where the meadows forever are vernal,
But thin are the walls and flimsy the veil,
'Twixt this life and one that's eternal.
O God, make us children—Thy children for aye
Unto us may Thy spirit be given,
And when from the earth we are summoned away
Bid us welcome—all welcome in Heaven.

Where's the Spirit

Where's the spirit of affection
When the heart is bought and sold?
When mankind with due reflection,
Trade their love for paltry gold?
Black the soul and base the feeling—
Wrong the act and mean the cause
Which submits to such low dealing
In defiance of God's laws—
Which will lay the gift divine
Humbly down on Mammon's shrine.

Where's the spirit of religion
Demonstrated by the life
Of a church that's half perdition,
Mixed up with consuming strife?
Like a play of mimic features,
Semblance is the ruling part;
Seeming pure, devoted creatures

Sometimes prove but false at heart:
But there are the meek and lowly,
Loving souls, both pure and holy.

Where's the spirit of redemption
Save in Christ's own precious blood,
Which affords a sure exemption
From our sins' destructive flood?
Pope and priesthood boldly claim
That to them the power is given
To forgive the sins of men,
But 'tis blasphemy of Heaven;
Christ alone affords the way,
Leading to eternal day.

Where's the spirit love engenders,
Where the East is red with war,
There where Turkey's joint defenders
Crowd to strife from lands afar?
Carnage ! Carnage ! is the word
That awakes the fiery will.

Oh, how far the cry is heard,
 Bursting forth from vale and hill:
Human blood must yet be shed—
 Fields must still be strewn with dead.

Where's the spirit born of freedom,
 In a part of our own land,
Where men bow to those who lead them,
 In a tame submissive band?
Oh, our eagle's spreading pinions
 Bear the seal by bondage set,
And our fairest, loved dominions
 Sadly dim our coronet:
Yes, upon our nation's crest
 Slavery's blot in safety rests.

Come, ye men who worship riches,
 Bid the syren soon depart;
'There is not in earth's possessions,
 Treasures worth a loving heart.
And ye fighting hosts of Europe,
 May your conflicts soon be done;

You in future will not rue it,
Live like brethren 'neath the sun:
Peace ! yes, peace alone imparts
Sacred joy to human hearts.

Come, O Pope, and Roman priesthood,
Mend your sacrilegious ways;
God alone can work out good—
His the glory, power and praise.
And ye curtained sons of evil,
Lay aside your glossy mask;
Cease to serve and please the devil,
And commence a nobler task:
Strive, O strive, to win a gem
Like unto Christ's diadem.

And my country—priceless home,
My soul exults o'er all of thee,
Though here beneath our mildest zone,
Mankind are not all wise and free;
Sons of freemen, come, restrain
Slavery's progress from the west:

Wipe the dark, disgraceful stain

Sometime from our nation's breast:

Freedom here should have its throne,

Freedom ! freedom ! that alone.

Written before the abolition of slavery and
during the Turkish war.

Our Loved Ones' Graves

O, where shall the graves of our loved ones be?
Where is heard the sound of the deep-toned sea ;
Where the grass of the valley and wild flowers grow,
O'er the forms of the friends who are sleeping below ;
Where affection shall drop a heartfelt tear,
In remembrance of those our bosoms held dear ;
Where we shall pour forth our feelings in prayer,
And weep o'er our friends so lovely and fair.

O, where shall the graves of our loved ones be?
Where the wild winds sweep in deep melody ;
Where the dark shades of evening shall silently throw
A shadow of sadness—an emblem of woe ;
Where the sweet forest stream as it murmurs along,
Sings a sorrowful dirge for the loved who are gone ;
Where soft notes of mourning may never be heard
And the air in low music is constantly stirred.
O, where shall the graves of our loved ones be?
'Neath the shades of the elm and green willow tree ;

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Where our tears shall bedew the lily that grows
O'er their forms, along with the myrtle and rose ;
Where at closing of day we may silently kneel,
And tell to sweet Heaven the sorrow we feel,
And nought shall disturb the peace of their rest,
'Til their spirits shall come from the land of the blest.

O, where shall the graves of our loved ones be?
Where all that surrounds is from mirthfulness free ;
Where the sun beams softly, and the cypress waves,
In tokens of mourning over their graves ;
Where we shall sweet flowers and offerings bring,
And over their graves with reverence fling ;
Where all of the emblems which by nature are given,
Remind us of them, and point us to Heaven.

Early History of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad

ITS EARLY FINANCIAL STRUGGLES, FIRST BOARD OF
DIRECTORS, AND FIRST OFFICERS. SOME OF THE
EARLY D. & H. COMPANY'S MEN.

BY THE AUTHOR.

Looking out over the valley today, watching the ponderous engines of the D. & H. Co. pulling the heavy trains eastward and westward, my mind has been carried back to the days of my youth, and the unpleasant experiences attendant upon a journey from Cobleskill to Albany, prior to the building of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad have been the subject of my thought.

Then a journey to Albany with a load of farm produce, was an event of as much importance, and required more elaborate preparation than a journey to Omaha, Nebraska, does now. 'The good farmers' wives of those days went bustling about the house the day before the journey was to be made, frying doughnuts, cooking sausages, and baking bread, whilst the farmer and his sons were putting up the grain or apples for

market. In the evening the food prepared for luncheon for the three days' trip to Albany and back, was packed by the good wife into the dinner box, whilst "the man of the house" was busy at the barn packing a huge bundle of hay, and binding it with strong bands made by twisting rye straw into coils for rope. This done, and secured upon the load to avoid the purchase of feed for the horses whilst upon the trip, the wagon greased, and the dinner box placed safely on board, all was ready for a start in the morning before daylight. I will not recount the horrible details of a three days' pilgrimage to Albany and back, through mud and rain, slush and snow, trudging part way on foot or seated upon the soft side of a barrel of apples. There are those living yet, to whom this allusion will bring unpleasant recollections of their youth and young manhood. But the time was approaching when all this was to be changed. For years, the iron horse, steam-fed and harnessed, had been hauling long trains of cars eastward through the Mohawk valley, laden with the produce of the fertile prairies, and bearing the merchandise and manufactures of the east westward.

Farm lands which had ranged from \$25.00 to \$40.00 per acre prior to the building of the New York Central railroad, had increased in value to \$75.00 and \$100.00 per acre, and there was not lacking in the valley of the Susquehanna men with the vigilance to

note the change, and the business sagacity to see that what had been done in the Mohawk, could also be done in the Susquehanna valley. With the trains of the Erie railroad sweeping past Binghamton on the west, and those of the New York Central gliding through Albany on the east, with the shrill blasts of the locomotives resounding up the valley at each end, the years for the sway of the lumbering farm wagon and slow stage coach in this part of the state were being numbered. Yet long years of unappreciated toil, persevering energy and tireless work were to be performed by some men, before the battle was fought and victory won. Prominent among the men of that day with the necessary brain to appreciate the importance of constructing a railroad from Albany to Binghamton, were Edward C. Delevan and Robert H. Pruyn, of Albany, Geo. W. Chase, of Maryland, Elakim R. Ford, of Oneonta, Arnold B. Watson, of Unadilla, Edward Thompson and Senator Dominick, of Binghamton, Jared Goodyear, of Colliersville, John Cook, of Worcester, John Westover, of Richmondville, Minard Harder, Charles Courter and Joseph H. Ramsey, of Cobleskill. Doubtless there are other names which should be inserted upon this roll of honor, but they do not occur to me now. All of these early railroad pioneers have gone from this world to the next, but the most of them lived to see the creation of their faith

and brain a reality, and to receive the praise and blessing of some who opposed them in their labors.

The company was first organized in the year 1852, at a meeting held in Oneonta, and Edward C. Delevan chosen president. From this time may be dated the birth of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad Company. With a board of directors chosen, officers selected and subscription books opened, the company was in position to send its representatives among the people soliciting subscriptions to the stock. This work was vigorously prosecuted by the holding of public meetings at which the merits of the enterprise were discussed, and by personal application and appeal at the homes of the people, by the directors and agents of the company, and fair progress made, but the magnitude and cost of the work was to be so great, that it soon became apparent that sufficient money to build and equip the road could not be raised by individual subscription. Accordingly the friends of the enterprise formulated a bill and presented it to the Assembly of the State at the session of 1855 authorizing the towns along the line of the proposed road to subscribe to the stock of the company. This bill passed the Assembly but was defeated in the Senate. The next year a bill passed both branches of the legislature, requiring as a condition to the subscription, the consent in writing of two-thirds of the taxpayers of the town. The next year, 1857, the bill was amended, requiring

the consent of a majority of the taxpayers, representing a majority of the taxable property of the towns, as the bill had been at first drafted. This bill was signed by Governor John A. King. By thorough canvassing and earnest work by the friends of the road, the necessary consent was obtained, and the towns became subscribers to the stock of the company. After the subscription of the towns, and that of the city of Binghamton to the stock of the company to the extent of one million dollars was obtained, the construction of the road was commenced, and an application made to the legislature of the State for aid, and a bill authorizing it passed by both branches. This bill was vetoed by Governor Morgan in 1859, but the friends of the road were not disheartened and at the session of 1863 a bill making an appropriation from the State of a half million dollars to complete the road to Oneonta was passed, and approved by that friend of the farmer and internal improvements, Governor Horatio Seymour.

Let the present and all future generations, who enjoy the pleasures and advantages of a well equipped and managed railroad, revere his memory.

Subsequently another appropriation was made by the State of \$250,000 to complete the road to Broome county, and the bill authorizing it signed by Governor Reuben E. Fenton. My recollection is that in addition to these great financial aids the company secured

a loan of one million dollars from the city of Albany. It is impossible for me to trace the company through all its financial embarrassments, but one thing I must say to the young men of this day, that the struggle made by the pioneers of this enterprise in overcoming individual and organized opposition, in obtaining the right of way, the consent of the taxpayers to the bonding of the towns, and state aid, was a work which required all the energy, the perseverance and the patience of a Courter, a Harder and a Ramsey on this part of the line, and their compeers and equals along the route.

In the obtaining of aid from the State, Joseph H. Ramsey as a member of the legislature, likely contributed more than any other man, but to those champions and co-workers in a noble cause, let equal honor be given:

Hail, men of noble thought and deed,
Your work supplied our greatest need;
Accept the homage which we bring,
Not thoughtless, light, or trifling,
But sincere praise which swells and starts,
From the deep recess of thankful hearts.

The road was completed to Central Bridge, and the first passenger train run to that place, on the 12th day of September, 1863. Engineer Thomas Harden was in charge of the locomotive pulling the train, broad shouldered, brusque McCormick baggageman, the

lively little Johnny Clow, express messenger, and that prince of conductors, " Billy " Gardner, the conductor in charge of the train.

The author of this article commenced his service with the company in the month of October succeeding, and from that time forward will speak from personal recollection. Matters relating to the organization of the company and financial projects in its aid have been stated upon the authority of one of the pioneers of the road, now dead, but one who when living stood at the helm of affairs, and entirely reliable. Among the prominent characters connected with the track department of the road at that time, rises up before me Chief Engineer C. W. Wentz, who had been the engineer in charge of the work from its inception. Who, that ever looked upon his massive head and powerful physique, would have dreamed that his intellect would ever become clouded and weak? Yet such was the case at the close of his career, until death, or rather birth into the world eternal, gave him clear intellect and mental vision. Next in this department loom up the stalwart figures of Mike Dorsey and R. H. Lane.

The first with his mild gray eyes, stolid but freindly countenance still swaying the rod of authority over the northern division of the Delaware & Hudson with headquarters at Saratoga. The latter for a long time a resident of Cobleskill, died in the hospital at Albany a few years ago. True, time and exposure to

storm and wind during his long years of service, had wrinkled his face and dimmed his eye, but always true to the company he served, he ranked in life among its most efficient and trusted track men.

With them come visions of Col. N. Coryell, at one time paymaster on the Albany & Susquehanna and bridge superintendent ; a strict disciplinarian, but always the courtly gentleman, and of huge H. Patterson, who still lives in Albany and has charge of the D. & H. company's track material. Only a few days ago I had the pleasure of grasping the hand of this "old timer" and its warm pressure took me back in memory to 1863.

W. L. M. Phelps, Esq., was the first treasurer of the company and still remains so. Indeed, I believe he has been their secretary and treasurer continuously from the organization of the company, with the exception of a brief period during which the road was in the hands of Robt. L. Banks, of Albany, as receiver. Among my early friends on the road, one who cheered me on in my way, and always spoke kind words to me, comes the thought of Geo. W. Church, our first General Freight Agent. A poor boy himself, he had worked his way from ordinary freight clerk, up to the head of the freight department of this new road, and he looked down in sympathy to the toilers below who would faithfully work and strive to win. S. E. Mayo was appointed the first General Passenger Agent of

the road, and superintendent of telegraph. Blessed be his memory, and dear to every employe's heart who worked under him. For several seasons he spent his evenings in summer in Cobleskill.

The friendly grasp of his hand and beaming light of his eye will be remembered by some of our residents and others who see these lines. He, too, for many years has been gone to the home "beyond the river." Gone but not forgotten.

James M. Foster was the first station agent at Central Bridge, and a more genial and capable man than he is rarely if ever found. He retained his position until the spring of 1865, when the road having been completed to Richmondville, he was transferred to that station, and the writer of this article made his successor. I think I am paying him only a deserved compliment, when I say, that notwithstanding all the perplexities of his position at the terminal station of the road, during the year and a half I labored under him, he only gave me one cross word. He subsequently engaged in banking business at Richmondville, and after an honorable and successful career as a banker, died at that place. Cobleskill Station was opened for business on the first day of January, 1865, and our respected fellow townsman, Colonel Alonzo Ferguson, appointed the agent. This gentleman retained the place until the succeeding October, when he resigned, and the author of this article was sent on from Central Bridge to take charge, and remained in charge until the 1st day of April, 1901, a period of nearly 36 years. For his assistant in the office Col. Ferguson had Allison Kibbee. For his helpers in the freight house, German Boyce

and Asa W. Phelps. My readers will remember, Mr. Boyce died from sickness while a resident of this village, and poor Phelps fell a victim to his own carelessness, being crushed by the cars whilst attempting to cross the track underneath the train.

Allison Kibbee went to New York City. He died in Brooklyn, and his remains were brought to Cobleskill, and laid to rest in the village cemetery.

Among the superintendents of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, I recall, first, Jonathan R. Herick, at one time a merchant at Lawyerville. Subsequently he removed to Albany, where he died. I hold his memory sacred and gratefully remember, that as a member of the executive committee of the board of directors, he gave the casting ballot which secured my promotion to the position of station agent at Central Bridge. Next in order came Geo. R. Skinner, of Oswego, who granted my request to be transferred to Cobleskill upon the resignation of Col. Ferguson. Well do I remember Superintendent Skinner's salutation to me one morning at Central Bridge. I had thoughtlessly dumped a pan of coal ashes upon the track in front of the station, at the time the eastward and westward bound passenger trains passed there, and a lady dressed in black silk, having occasion to pass from one train to another swept her magnificent robe right through that pile of ashes. Skinner stood upon the platform of one of the coaches and saw it all. "Who dumped that pile of ashes there?" was the morning salute which rang in my ears. "I did, sir," was my reply. "It is a confounded slovenly trick, sir, and don't you do it again," was his warning answer, and I never did. The next superintendent was

J. W. Vanvalkenburgh. Heavy eye-browed, with piercing eyes and massive, overhanging forehead, short neck, deep chest, broad shoulders, and limbs as supple and wiry as those of an athlete, he looked the very man who could run a railroad, ride a wild mustang, or throw Jim Fisk over the railing and down stairs, and rumor says he did it during the Erie war.

His successor was H. A. Fonda, the "Mohawk Dutchman," as he was called, with long, lank, lean body, and sallow countenance, looking more like a sickly Methodist clergyman than a railroad superintendent, but a man with a warmer heart, a truer friend, or more economical manager of a railroad, I never knew. With him came the friendly, honorable, Julien Clark as his assistant, and the genial and magnetic H. S. Morse, as superintendent of telegraph and train despatcher. This gentleman became our next superintendent, and continued in the position until succeeded by C. D. Hammond, the present superintendent of the D. & H. Company's Susquehanna and Northern divisions of road. Of H. S. Morse let me say he was kind to his employes, and courteous to the public; in short, a gentleman. After leaving the road he went South and became interested in the construction and management of railroads in Georgia for several years, and then came North and retired upon his farm near Westfield in Chautauqua county, N. Y. Here he died. Blessed be his memory. A nobler man, or truer friend never lived. Julien Clark, after battling for years with that fatal disease, consumption, died almost at his post and passed "over the river."

The successors to Mr. Mayo in the passenger department of the road have been, I think in order: H.

M. Watson, Joseph Angell, the late D. M. Kendrick and the present incumbent, J. W. Burdick.

In the freight department Geo. W. Church was succeeded by Mr. H. S. Marcey, of the Rensselaer and Saratoga division, with Dudley Farlin as his assistant. Mr. Marcey was subsequently made general traffic manager of the company, and Mr. Farlin the general freight agent. Both of these men have passed on to join the great majority in the world eternal.

Mr. Farlin was succeeded by James Colhoun, with Paul Wadsworth, the present efficient general freight agent of the D. & H., as his assistant.

Looking back to 1863, I see a galaxy of stalwart, alert and energetic men, as the directors and officers of the Albany & Susquehanna Railroad Company. Looking about me today, I see only a quartette of those I then knew.

W. L. M. Phelps, R. C. Blackall, Mike Dorsey and H. Patterson are only left of the men prominently identified with the management of the road at that time.

O robber, old time, of the friends who were mine,
You've taken full many a score,
And I feel I'm bereft so few are there left,
Of the friends and comrades of yore.

But I must hasten. - Let us turn to the year 1869. This was an important era in the history of the road. The road had been completed to Oneonta in the summer of 1865, and was vigorously carried forward. The tunnel of 2,260 feet at Coles Hill, near Harpersville, was being bored, and the month of January, 1869, found the road completed and trains running from Albany to Binghamton.

Thus after a period of nearly sixteen years of constant toil and struggle, hampered by financial embarrassment, and opposed by some who should have been ready to aid, the heroic men who led in the enterprise saw the realization of their faith and hopes. *The Albany and Susquehanna railroad was completed.*

With the shrill blasts of the locomotive whistle reverberating from mountain side to mountain side, throughout the whole valley of the Susquehanna, the Rip Van Winkle spell which had bound the "sequestered region" had long been broken, and it needed not the eye of a railroad seer to perceive, that the Albany and Susquehanna railroad formed the missing link in the Erie chain, necessary to unite it with the New England roads, New England seaboard, and the great hub of the country, Boston. What wonder then that the sagacious Jay Gould, the great railroad magnate of that day, and James Fisk, Jr., the genial, dashing, audacious spirit of Wall street and the Erie railway, should have looked with longing and wistful eyes over into our valley, at the young railroad lamb and desired to bring it into their fold. Such was the case, and so in 1869 we find them quietly securing the stock of the Albany and Susquehanna railroad, with the intent of securing the control of the road at the approaching election. The different steps, legal and otherwise, taken by them to secure this object, and means employed by those opposed to them to prevent it, are too voluminous and minute to be recited in this article, and the reader is referred to Roscoe's History of Schoharie County, page 439, for a succinct account of the preliminary steps taken by the two parties.

The year 1869 was fraught with important events, and a season of conflict and turmoil within the board of Directors. Indeed, it was a house divided against itself, and the faction known as the Erie party commenced an action to remove Mr. Ramsey from the presidency of the road, and obtained an order from Judge Barnard, of New York, restraining him from the discharge of his official duties. Then Judge Rufus W. Peckham, of Albany, vacated, or so modified this order as to allow him to appear, and show cause why this should not be done. During the pendency of these proceedings, and the legal skirmishing growing out of them, the rival factions, with their rival Supreme Court Judges, succeeded in having the road placed in the hands of rival receivers, and as the military phrase is, there was skirmishing "all along the line." As a result counter orders were being constantly sent out over the telegraph wires, and conveyed by trains to the employes of the road.

One now before me reads:

"To the Officers and Employes of the Albany
and Susquehanna Railroad,

"*Take Notice.*—By an order of the Supreme Court, made August 6th, 1869, we are duly appointed receivers of the property, franchises and effects of said road, and by the same are authorized to take possession of, and run the said road. On and after this date you will make all reports and remittances to James Fisk, Jr., and Charles Courter, Office of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad.

"James Fisk, Jr., }
"Charles Courter, } Receivers."

Albany, August 6th, 1869.

Another without date but received August 7th, 1869, reads:

“To the Officers and Employes of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad Company.

“*Take Notice.*—Robert H. Pruyn was first appointed receiver by Judge Peckham and has possession of the office, books and property of the Company. He has continued me as superintendent, and all transactions of the company must be with him, and my orders obeyed.

“J. W. Van Valkenburgh,
“Superintendent.”

A message received from the treasurer's office at the time reads:

“ALBANY, August 9th, 1869.

“To all Agents of the A. & S. Railroad,

“Make your money remittances and continue all your business transactions with me as usual.

“W. L. M. Phelps, Treasurer.”

Copies of these documents are not given in any sense as personal reminiscences, but as showing the conflict of authority on the road at the time. Of course such a state of things could not long exist, without breeding bad blood and culminated in the Erie war. Baffled if not beaten in their legal maneuvering, the Erie party sought by force to get possession of the road, and with true military tact, chose Binghamton as the base of their operations. Here they were not only removed from the fiery J. W. Van Valkenburgh, and invulnerable R. C. Blackall, but were near

their source of supplies, and in close communication with Judge Bernard, of New York.

Thus under show of legal authority, not like Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga, "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," but in the name of Judge Bernard, of New York, in the month of August, in the year of our Lord 1869, the Erie hosts swept down the western end of the line, intent upon taking possession of the road. O, then there was hurrying to and fro in the office at Albany. The eagle eye of Van Valkenburgh blazed with indignation. Blackall, with short speech and quick command, ordered the engines fired up and forces aboard, and away flew the fiery iron horses for the point of attack. The writer of this history was one of the "home guard" on this occasion, and so cannot speak of the military incidents from personal observation. The general nature of the times, can be judged by the communications given herewith. One directed to all agents under date of August 10th, 1869, is as follows:

"Have all the men you can find to the station, so as to defend your station and the road.

"J. W. Van Valkenburgh,
"Superintendent."

Another under the same date reads:

"Superintendent's Office, August 10, 1869.

Train No. 7 will go through to the front. Have all the men you can get to go with it. Drum them up.

J. W. Vanvalkenberg, Superintendent."

From documents now in my possession I conclude that the "Erie war" reached its zenith on the 11th day of August, 1869. I know that the proclamation

of Governor Hoofman, commanding the belligerent forces to lay down their arms and retire peacefully to their homes, was flashed over the wires about that time, and messages now before me lead me to believe it was on the evening of that day. The desperate condition of things that evening can be judged by message of R. C. Blackall commanding the forces of the Ramsey party. It is as follows :

“ Harpersville, August 11, 1869.

To J. W. VanValkenberg, Supt.

The Erie folks are preparing to move upon us. They have the militia with them encouraged by the sheriff. Our retreat is cut off. We must resort to desperation if they attack us today or tonight. What are we to do? We must have reinforcements. Their force is estimated at 1500. Our forces are about 300. Send reinforcements immediately. I will burn the high bridge if they move on us tonight. We have scouting parties now watching them. J. M. Bailey will return soon. He is now out reconnoitering.

R. C. B.”

This shows determination and desperation, but soon the scene changes, for under date of August 11th, 1869, 8:30 P. M., I hold a message which does not show to whom it was addressed, but it is one I took from the wires that night and my recollection is, it was addressed to R. C. Blackall and reads: “ Gen’l James McQuade will leave here tonight to stop further disturbances. The governor has charge of the road, and orders from James McQuade must be obeyed and regarded.

J. W. Van Valkenburgh, Sup’t.”

Another reads: "Albany, August 11th, 1869, 11:30 P. M. Gen'l McQuade is superintendent of the A. & S. R. R., appointed by the governor of the State of New York. All orders by him will be obeyed until further orders.

McQuade, Superintendent.

J. W. Van, Acting Sup't."

With the road in the control of the State, the question of rival receiverships was settled, and shortly thereafter Robert L. Banks, of Albany was appointed sole receiver by the governor, and I believe held that position until the decision of the courts in favor of the election of the Ramsey directors, and the re-instatement of Mr. Ramsey as president of the company. Robert L. Banks and General James McQuade were both courtly gentlemen, and I gratefully remember their kindness to me as their agent. One of the most pleasing episodes of the Erie war to the Ramsey party, was the capture at Bainbridge by R. C. Blackall and his men, of the Erie engine, which was moving down over the line with a force on board, turning out our operators, and installing theirs.

Blackall had warning of their approach, and side tracking his engine, with the lights all turned out, he placed a pair of patent frogs, such as are used for replacing cars on the track, reversed upon the rails over which the Erie engine had to pass. Then placing his men in ambush he patiently awaited the coming of the Erie party. Everything appearing secure, on they came, until they reached the frogs, when lo, and behold, their engine was soon on "terra firma" instead of the iron rails, and became an easy prey to Mr. Blackall and party, and was confiscated as the "spoils

of war" and for a time was run upon the road as such. Thirty-three years have passed since that night, but well do I remember the morning when that engine was run into Albany. By orders of the company, I had been on duty all night, supported by John Dunn, then section foreman, and his men, with instructions to "hold the fort" against the Erie raiders. About 5 A. M. I was awakened from my reverie, by the shrill blasts of a locomotive whistle near Richmondville station. Onward it came, "nearer, clearer, deadlier than before," making the welkin ring, until the engine was stopped in the Cobleskill yard. Tired and sleepy from the night's vigils, I rubbed my eyes, and peering out of the window of the freight office beheld "Erie Engine," "The Roswell McNeil." Surely, I said the enemy are upon us, but the second look revealed the form of burly "Abe" Ottman, one of the A. & S. conductors, and of Royal Cornwall, one of our early locomotive engineers. Royal Cornwall has been dead many years. Ottman died but a few years ago, at the home of his son in New Jersey. John Dunn still lives at Green Island, N. Y., serving in the track department under Mike Dorsey. Among the "old timers" I have thus far failed to mention in the clerical department are "Billy" Robinson in the return ticket department and E. R. Willerton in the general passenger office. These persons have held their positions for very many years, and are among the company's most trusted servants. "Jimmy" Loughren, head clerk under Geo. W. Church, our first general freight agent, I have lost track of.

Among the early freight handlers, I recall at Central Bridge, Charles Eldredge, Esq., now living at

Sharon; Philip Dietz now in retirement at Central Bridge, and Geo. S. Lynes at that time a resident of Middleburgh, nor must I forget to mention "Yankee" Sullivan who for a long time guided the freight truck at Richmondville, nor at Central Bridge, John F. Bradt, the father of "Billy" Bradt, our popular passenger train conductor.

With the road in the hands of the State, and the Erie warriors disbanded, neither party rested quietly on their oars, but were active in the purchase of the company's stock, preparatory to the holding of the annual election, on the 7th day of September, 1869. By this time the strife to gain the ascendancy in the board of directors to be elected, had waxed to blood heat.

Fisk with his army of heelers prepared with proxies to vote, came up the river from New York in a boat chartered for the purpose, and landing took possession of the room where the election was to be held. R. C. Blackall, then our master mechanic, with John L. Cory his assistant, with men of "broth and brawn" from the shops were on hand to see that there was "fair play" if any scrimmage occurred. Superintendent J. W. Van Valkenburgh with flashing eyes and knit brow strode through the hall, a very king among men, ready for any honorable strategy, or even to *fight* for the good of the road if necessary. J. H. Ramsey, with his legal knowledge and tact, with the Hon. Henry Smith as counsellor, were there to secure if possible an honest election and a "fair count." It is proper to say to the present generation, that one of the contending parties at this election was known as the Ramsey party; the other as the Gould and Fisk, or

Erie party. Now between them there was no more affinity than between oil and water, and the result was, that at this meeting each party organized, and elected a board of directors, each claiming to be duly and lawfully elected, and each claiming to be entitled to the control of the road, and out of this controversy grew the long legal trial at Rochester before Judge E. Darwin Smith in November of the same year, at which trial it was decided that the election of the Ramsey directors was legal, and that of the Gould and Fisk directors illegal and void. But I must close ; yet before closing will digress and say that the Cherry Valley Sharon and Albany railroad Company was chartered in 1860. The road was completed and opened for business in June 1870. The master spirits in its construction were Dewit. C. Bates and James A. Young, of Cherry Valley. The principal if not the sole contractors for its construction were the Weed Bros. Thos. H. Giles, the father of Harry Giles, now firemen on the engine running on that branch of the D. & H. Co., during its construction, was engineer and conductor combined, in charge of the work train. Here the name of Giles brings to my mind another "old timer" Gill Giles, now in charge of the D. & H. water supply. He was with the Susquehanna Company from its commencement, and has been with D. & H. Co., since the lease by them of the road, so that his doings have become a part of the history of the line. One more chapter in this hurried history and my work is done. Whilst the two parties which have been mentioned were struggling for the mastership, down among the coal fields of Pennsylvania, and in the marts of New York City, were men, not of the dash

of James Fisk, Jr., nor the adroitness with which Jay Gould is always credited, but men, reserved, solid, cautious, deliberate, and far seeing; who were looking up through from Honesdale, and Carbondale to Niueveh, thence down through the valley to Albany, away along the shores of the Champlain to Canada, and across New England to Boston; and they said, what an outlet for our coal. What an inlet for the iron ore up at Port Henry and Plattsburgh. Eureka, we have found it. Let us lease the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad for 99 years. Let us do so also with the Renselear and Saratoga Railroad. Let us build a new road along the bank of the Champlain and instead of putting out our coal to market through the muddy waters of our canal, we will have a network of railways over which our black diamonds shall pour in incessant streams, and they did it. The Albany and Susquehanna Railroad was leased to the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company on the 24th day of February, 1870. The Renselear and the Saratoga later. At this time Thos. Dixon was president of the D. & H. Co., and Coe F. Young its general manager. Who that ever saw these gentlemen at Cobleskill station, asking to have some trifling service rendered with the modesty of the most common patron, could fail to recognize the solid greatness of the men. Both have been gone from earth for many years, but their mantels have fallen upon worthy shoulders. Among the early conductors on the line who are living I recall the blue eyed pleasant Gunnison, now a resident of Binghamton, and W. E. Bartlett, now in the hardware business at Jefferson, Oklahoma territory. D. S. Fero also remains with us living at Newburgh, N. Y.

Among the dead, the brusque but whole-souled McCormick, first baggagemaster, then conductor, whose light went out in Albany many years ago. The venerable H. P. Dorr, the sedate "Ham" Evarts, the impassive, quiet, military Captain Merrehew, and "Billy" Gardner, whose smile faded from his face and blue eyes closed in death about fourteen years ago; and now during the last summer the chivalrous and genial Coe F. Young, who went down to his grave lamented by all, and honored for his bravery and devotion to his country during the war of the rebellion. I must bring this history to a close; but there is a class of men on all railroads who, in this article, have received but little notice. Men with soiled hands, begrimed faces and dirty vests, but beneath whose rough exteriors there are warm hearts, loyal hands and heroic souls. I mean the locomotive engineers.

Of those first upon the road I recall Charley Delany and Thos. Harden, whom I have mentioned as engineer in charge of the engine drawing the first regular train from Albany to Central Bridge. Next Wallace Blake I believe in charge of the engine hauling the construction train when the road was being built through Cobleskill, and I think in charge of the engine which brought the first passenger train to Cobleskill. Nor must I forget to mention engineer Frank Eaton. Coming early upon the road, if not among the first, he still handles the lever and ranks among the most trusted of the D. & H. Co.'s engineers, with headquarters at Sidney. Delany and Blake have been dead a score of years. The last I knew of Harden he had retired from railroading and settled upon a farm. Likely he, too, ere this has passed on to join the great majority.

“Charley” Jones, at one time our master mechanic, with headquarters at Oneonta, was also early on the road. It is only of recent date that he, too, passed on to the world immortal. No one who ever knew him will fail to bear testimony to his care and skill as an engineer, and his solid worth as a Christian gentleman. And “Charley” Stickles too, he of long arms, ruddy but spare countenance and hawk eyes, with his tall form bent in the cab, neck and head extending forward, eye scanning the track with a keenness that would detect a fly upon the rails four rods ahead, who would have supposed that *he* would have run engine tender and baggage car all off the end of the rails of the siding at Cobleskill, yet he did it. I had relieved the switchman for the night, and promised to be on hand and change the switch, so as to let the train out of the yard in safety. At the time I was freight agent, ticket agent and telegraph operator, and in the rush of caers I forgot my promise to the switchman, and was therefore responsible for the accident. As the train pulled out I closed the ticket office window, and was crossing the yard to the freight office, when I heard the sharp, quick signal for “down brakes,” and, glancing towards the train, saw what happened. Going down to the train I soon came face to face with the then superintendent, J. H. Fonda. With a squeaky, rasping voice, he demanded, “Whose place was it to be here and turn this switch?” Without bravado, but with respectful firmness, I replied, “It was mine, sir. I relieved the switchman, and agreed to be here and turn this switch myself.” “You better quit railroading then” was his rejoinder; to which I answered, “That is for you to say, Mr. Fonda.” As I

was not discharged, I concluded that, although irritable and sometimes angry, Mr. Fonda had beneath his rough exterior a tender heart, and in that particular case appreciated truth-telling as compared to equivocation and falsehood.

Of the later engineers comes the thought of poor S. G. Cook, killed by a collision on the road. Always affable and kind, notwithstanding the hardships and exposures of an engineer's life, I loved the man and revere his memory. And young "Jud" Mann, who lost his life in a similar manner when nearing Oneonta station. His literary tastes and affectionate nature made him a general favorite, and his sad death fell like a pall upon the hearts of all classes upon the road. There were doubtless many others in all departments of the road who deserve special mention, but they do not occur to me now. To one who, during a service of thirty-seven years on the road, received only kindness from these men and the officers of the old Susquehanna Company and from its successor, the D. & H. Co., the friendship of the living is precious, and the memory of the dead rises up like the fragrance of crushed flowers. To the living I say, here is my heart and hand. Sad indeed will be the hour to me when the time of parting comes.

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cause a sigh or tear;
Then steal away, give not much warning,
Say not "good night," but in some brighter world,
Bid me, "Good morning."

H. T. DANA,
Cobleskill, N. Y.

January 4, 1903.

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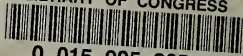
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